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Speaight.

THE COUNTESS OF CARNARVON, WITH HER SON.

157, New Bond Street, W.1.

COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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France's Grand Old Man

"YOU write for the whole world, and the whole world salutes you," was the opening sentence of a message sent to M. Anatole France on his birthday by Mr. H. G. Wells. It was one of innumerable tributes sent by eminent men of diverse degrees and kinds of eminence and from many different countries. Taken altogether, these messages show that M. Anatole France has achieved the rare distinction of making a reputation literally world wide. When we come to think of it, there are few who have done this, and the curious fact is that some of the most successful have been extremely national. They have made no claim to cosmopolitanism. Anatole France is as typically French as Cervantes was Spanish or as Dante was Italian. Perhaps the explanation is that national characteristics are but skin-deep; below them lies that human nature which belongs to men and women, under whatever skies they may be born and whatever may be the language that they speak. There are those who affirm that Homer was so essentially Greek that the individuality of his heroes can be traced even in the Greeks of to-day. Particularly is this the case with regard to Odysseus, who was called wise because there was none so ready with a plausible explanation of the most awkward situation, just as the Greek of to-day

is the most pliable and persuasive of mortals. Anatole France has chosen his own countrymen for representation. In reading his novels one makes acquaintance with a thousand types of the French character. They never lose their Frenchness. On the contrary, it is generally accentuated; and yet, what they say and do appears reasonable and natural even in a country such as ours, in which those at the other side of the Channel seem often to see more oddities than serious gifts, while we are apt to take a habit, a phrase or a gesture as being essentially French—that is to say, not English. Only a very great man is able to maintain the representation of what we look upon as peculiarities and yet appeal to the great heart of humanity. Like many other phenomena that are perplexing at a first glance, this is capable of a simple explanation. It is, that the writer has concentrated attention on the people with whom he has lived and with whom he has the most intimate acquaintance, but all the while his judgment and the discernment which belong to genius are directed by what he knows of human nature. It is this mingling of penetration with balance that makes the genius universal.

One of the most interesting of the messages sent to Anatole France came from a brilliant German of whom a great deal was heard during the war—Maximilien Harden, who hails him, first, as Master, then as the heir of those great French writers who have gone before—Rabelais, Montaigne, Pascal, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Balzac and Renan. His eulogy is not without a touch of pathos. He finds him so courageous that he "has never feared to chill public opinion," merciful and good so that he "has remained even in our darkness a consoling voice for humanity." Maeterlinck says very much the same thing, but in a way of his own: "La Fontaine and Voltaire, descending from the Elysian fields for the purpose of surprising and delighting human kind, have returned in Anatole France."

Praise such as this, so generous yet so true, is enough to charm away the bitterness and regret that belong to old age. We imagine, however, that at eighty Anatole France has attained a serenity given to few. On his birthday he was staying at his little estate, La Bechellerie, near Tours, where some years ago he built himself a house and where he periodically goes for a change from the bustle and noise of Paris. In the country he leads an idyllic life, though it is very different from that sung by the Greek poets. With them the idyll was closely associated with the shepherd's crook, the vine and the fig tree. The chief amusement of Anatole France when in the country is to journey here and there in his motor car, seeing again and again the old country faces and villages, but also entertaining himself with those antiquarian pursuits that have been for him a relaxation and a pleasure for the greater part of his life. Perhaps it is wrong to call them pursuits now; they are, rather, the freshening and recovering of ancient pleasures. After all, literary eminence brings with it a comfort to old age peculiar to itself. There is, first of all, the knowledge that, while the dead are dumb, the writer long after his death will communicate with the world through the medium of his books. He passes, but they remain, and it probably will happen in the case of Anatole France, as it has happened with nearly all the greatest authors, that he will be more widely read, better understood and more dearly loved in the aftertime than he is in the present. Nor can retrospection bring disturbing thought. Besides being a thinker and at times something of a pamphleteer, Anatole France from his early beginnings has been an artist, one gifted with the faculty for taking infinite pains, which means that he saw things even more beautiful than he expressed them, and was, therefore, hard to satisfy in his critical instincts.

Our Frontispiece

WE give, as frontispiece to this issue, a portrait of the Countess of Carnarvon, with her infant son, Lord Porchester. Lady Carnarvon, whose marriage to the sixth Earl of Carnarvon, then Lord Porchester, took place in 1922, is a daughter of the late Mr. J. Wendell of New York.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



COUNTRY NOTES

THE greatest exhibition of our time was opened by His Majesty the King on Wednesday with all the pomp and ceremony becoming to so great an event. It is impossible even to take a bird's-eye view of the ground without being struck by the elaboration and completeness of the representation. During the years in which the exhibition has been under preparation the vague ideas which attended its inception have gradually developed into concrete realities. There never were more pains taken to make an exhibition all-embracing. In it one may behold in epitome or microcosm the achievements, characteristics and products of the greatest empire of all time. We have used the expression "a bird's-eye view" because that describes all that can be obtained from a single visit. Weeks and months might be spent in examining the vast number of divisions and compartments which have been created and arranged so as to give an idea of the vast activities of the King's dominions as a whole. Perhaps the most typical of all the exhibits, since it gives so much in perfect and finished miniature, is the Queen's Doll's House. One might, in a way, say that the exhibition is itself a doll's house of the Empire, except that the phrase "doll's house" would fail to give an adequate idea of the thoroughness, solidity and extent of the exhibition. In the first stages it was natural to feel some doubt as to the ultimate success of the enterprise, but the completion leaves nothing to be desired. There is every prospect of London and its vicinity being crowded with visitors as long as it is open, and, large as may be the expectations with which they come, we cannot imagine that any of them will go empty away. There is enjoyment and instruction for every intelligent curiosity, and it appears safe to predict for it a brilliant success, the fruit of which will amply justify the labour and enterprise of its preparation.

EVEN the loveliest Easter held in memory has not passed without its clouds. They are to be found in the obituary list published on Tuesday. Easter Monday witnessed the death, among others, of two women famous in their day and direct contrasts in their character. One was Eleonora Duse, the most cultured actress of her time, one whose appeal was almost exclusively to the fit though few. Her not ignoble ambition was to appeal to the multitude as well as to those who are the salt of the earth. She remembered, perhaps, that her countryman Dante Alighieri, perhaps the most sublime poet of any country and any time, had the distinction of winning the ear of the multitude as well as of the select, which, indeed, is the prerogative of the highest art, whether it be in painting, letters or in acting. She followed a hereditary calling, having been born in a railway carriage to an actress mother. The other, Marie Corelli came of cultured parents; Scottish and Italian

blood mingled in her veins, and she, too, was devoted to art from her childhood: her earliest efforts were not in fiction, but in music. Her reading public was composed mainly of the half-educated or wholly uneducated. It is not that she did not receive attention from the great. Queen Victoria found her comforting, Mr. W. E. Gladstone and Lord Tennyson both wrote in her praise. Her first novel seemed to have a real appeal to the intellectual, but it did not stand the test of time. Probably, those who were captured by the first reading were disappointed by a second, and early in her career her appeal was only to that sort of crowd which acclaims the merit of "If Winter Comes," or the works of the late Mrs. Barclay. It was the fashion at one period for ministers of religion to write sermons on her works, but that is to be explained chiefly by the fact that they were essentially tracts in character. Eleonora Duse, on the contrary, remained faithful to the shrine at which she began to worship. Her acting was the purest art, and innumerable are they who on her account will regret that the name of the histrion is, in the famous phrase of Keats, "writ in water." The work of other artists endures for all time, but that of the actor is doomed to fade and die as the memories of those who admired it become blurred with age.

THE Labour Government is rapidly effacing the favourable impression it started with. No sooner did Ministers begin to feel at ease in the saddle than they entered upon a course of class legislation. The Evictions Bill had to be dropped because the innate honesty of public opinion would not permit that the loss bound to be caused by its working should throw on the landlord the expense of providing free housing for the indigent. Equally short-sighted was the legislation to provide Members with first-class railway passes between Westminster and their constituencies. It may not involve a large outlay, but, at the same time, £70,000 annually cannot be described as a trivial addition to the amount paid as salaries to Members of Parliament. To vote it was extremely foolish, if nothing else, because it is and will remain a clear and definite example of class legislation.

A DEVON CRADLE SONG.

Hush, my baby! With soft fingers
Sleepy waves caress the shore.
Little stars are blinking, blinking
Jewell'd eyes the wide bay o'er.

Lazily the purple moorland
Wraps herself in misty veils.
'Twixt the cloudlets, slowly, slowly,
Silver moon serenely sails.

All the flowers their heads are bending,
Wrapped in perfumed slumber deep.
From the poppies, drowsy, drowsy,
Steal the fairies, bringing sleep.

JANET READ.

A MORE important and more flagrant case of the same type is the proposal to set up a new Wages Board, with the avowed purpose of establishing a minimum wage for agricultural labourers. Here, however, it is the manner rather than the act itself which is open to criticism. It is done harshly and not wisely. Mr. Macdonald and his colleagues, if they but knew it, are missing a golden opportunity. The proposed Act, buttressed as it is with severe means of enforcement, is not in the slightest degree calculated to infuse new life into the most downtrodden of our industries. It is a mere machine for grinding wages, willy nilly, out of the employers. They are to be subjected to a stern control. An Act which is absolutely Protectionist in character, though proposed by a Free Trade Government, is to be confined to one class. Justice and consistency demand that if wages are to be ensured for the workers, the profits out of which wages are paid should be equally ensured to the farmers. It is not so, though the wild men from the Clyde should know the meaning of their own proverb that you cannot take "the breeks aff a Hielanter."

IT may reasonably be asked if there exists any alternative plan for improving the condition of the agricultural labourer. Were it not so, notes like these would not have been written. Our contention is that if this question had been approached in the right way, the solution would have benefited all who draw income from land. For a long time it has been the policy of this journal to describe and encourage every movement that seemed to promise an improvement in agricultural prosperity. Never, till the present moment, has it been so apparent that farmers are changing their attitude to innovations on the old system. They are eager to explore new avenues from which income may be drawn. Some of the successes described in our pages have afterwards become the objects of numerous pilgrimages. It is recognised that such branches as pig feeding, poultry keeping, dairying offer far greater possibilities than they did before the war. All of these demand new types of workmen, more intelligent, more exact, more methodical. The extended use of machinery has had the same effect. No wages are grudged to the efficient. Everybody who knows will bear out our statement that where new methods have been successfully adopted, the amount of labour has been doubled or trebled, and the wages have increased. A farmer would be short-sighted if he showed himself unwilling to pay for efficient labour.

WHAT, then, is wanted? It must be something to stimulate and energeise the worker, and it has been found in the payment of a bonus or commission, or other system of profit-sharing for work well done. The harshly enforced minimum wage will effect no useful change in the spirit of the labourer, but it has been found that a share in the profits gives him buoyancy and hope. Bullying and driving the farmers is but a method of fomenting discord. Let it be said that here no argument has been advanced against securing to the labourer a wage that will enable him to live with decency and self-respect. The new farmer, of whom we have attempted to give a brief sketch, would not object. The matter would not affect him, as he expects to pay more in total wages than the usual rate of the countryside. But give him an opportunity of rewarding efficiency by some adequate profit-sharing scheme, and an ancient tale of wrong will not only be righted, but righted in a spirit of fellowship and good-feeling.

CRICKET on Easter Monday is sometimes a shivering horror, but this year the sun shone, and it seemed right and proper to be watching a Surrey trial match at the Oval and outrageous even to think of football. The sun shone also to welcome the South African team on their arrival. Let us hope it was a good omen for a season which should be a very interesting one. We should be able to win the Test Matches against the South Africans, for we beat them after a hard fight on their own wickets; but we must not, nor are we likely to, lull ourselves into a false security. Our visitors have one of the unquestioned great batsmen of the world in their captain, H. W. Taylor, and an illustrious and formidable veteran in Nourse. Of their bowling we do not know very much, though we imagine it hardly so dangerous as in the days of their great "googly" bowlers. A good deal may depend on their fast bowler Bissett, who is only eighteen. Since Gregory and Macdonald frightened us so severely he is likely at least to command respect. It is pleasant to welcome a member of a famous cricketing family in George Hearne, a son of Frank Hearne, one of the many Hearnese who have played for Kent. The fact that a new stand has been built at Lord's shows that the M.C.C., at any rate, have no misgivings as to the popularity of the greatest of games.

SIR MARTIN CONWAY has been successful in obtaining very strong support for the movement against the littering of parks and public places by visitors during the holidays. Anyone who walked round these resorts on Tuesday would have found ample evidence of the evil complained of. It is not only paper that is left flying about "like

ghosts from an enchanter fleeing," but the remains of the comestibles which have been devoured on the spot. Eggshells in one open space we visited on Tuesday were left in abundance, so were pickle-jars and the wrappage of the cold meat. A considerable quantity of the cold meat seemed to have been brought in the shape of tinned goods, and the tins, of course, were left behind; but to realise the extent to which this goes on it is necessary to remember that it costs the Office of Works £400 per month in summer to pick up scattered paper in the Royal Parks alone. Sir Martin Conway does not think that legislation could be applied so as to reduce the evil, and there are many obvious reasons for avoiding it if possible. It is education to which he trusts, and makes the excellent suggestion that a call should be made for the assistance of educational authorities, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, Village Institutes and every association that can be trained to help. It would be as well if park keepers would direct the attention of any offender to the ease with which offensive litter can either be put underground or burnt. If energetic attention were given to the matter at the very beginning, public opinion would soon begin to make itself felt, the offenders in most cases act from mere thoughtlessness. We have found that when attention is drawn to their neglect of tidiness in a public place of which they are partly owners, they generally see the point at once and make no difficulty about collecting *débris* and disposing of it.

CHESS players were agreeably surprised to find what extraordinary attention was excited by the International Tournament in New York. The quality of the play merited it. Dr. Lasker, who came out winner of the first prize, showed a fine recovery of form compared with that displayed in his classic championship match with Capablanca some years ago. At the beginning of the contest the present champion did not show himself at his best. After a succession of drawn games he was defeated by Reti, a mishap that put him on his mettle. Capablanca was the only player who won against Lasker, but there were too many draws in the latter as there had been in the earlier stage. Alekhine, who came out third, shapes to become a player to be reckoned with in the future. The English representative, Yates, did not consistently do himself justice, although on occasion he displayed a genius unsurpassed in the tournament. One of the most noteworthy features of the tournament was the number of extraordinarily good games that for many a long day will provide delightful puzzles for the chess analyst.

THE WONDERFUL FRIEND

I have a friend so true and wise,
He never fears to speak his mind.
He scorns all easy flatteries,
Yet still remembers to be kind.

O! not for him the "primrose path,"
But strenuous labours to the end.
Yet it is good to hear him laugh!
God make me worthy of this friend.

OLIVE DOUGLAS.

A MOST amusing debate took place the other afternoon between the Society of Yorkshiremen in London and the London Devonian Association. The resolution was "that the County of Yorkshire has exercised greater influence upon national life than the County of Devon." It had the very great merit of not being able either to be proved or disproved, since no method has been discovered of measuring influence. You can weigh bricks and you can measure a gravel-pit, but neither of these operations can be applied to influence, so the discussion came to resemble the "Brash of Wooing" sung by Dunbar, and turned at the end into a "flytin' match," that is, one party poured bitterest abuse on the other, who, of course, retorted in the same style. A disputant who answers to the fine old Anglo-Saxon name of Rabagliati championed Yorkshire and Mr. Collingwood Hughes Devon. The former abused cyder, clotted cream

and Dartmoor; Mr. Collingwood Hughes retorted with the story of an early English king who ordered 2,000 Scotch brogues for an army he was fitting out. The Court scribe dropped the "b," with the result that 2,000 rogues were

collected from Clydeside and taken as far as York. Here they were stopped by the King's order, and became the ancestors of many of the Yorkshiremen of to-day. Thus were honours evenly divided!

"COCKLES AND MUSSELS ALIVE, ALIVE, O!"

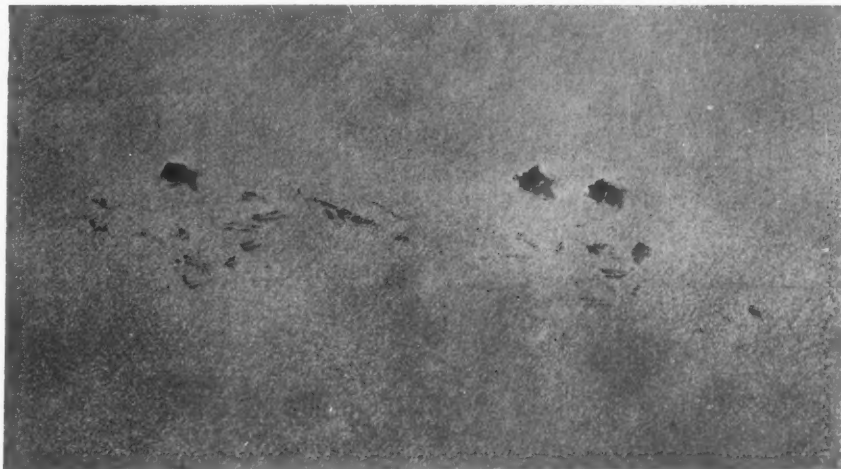
BY GEORGE MARPLES.

THE great banks so widely spread between the mouths of the Dee and the Mersey, and forming the northerly continuation of that portion of the county of Cheshire known as "Wirral," are formed by the detritus brought down by these two great rivers meeting and mingling with the sand washed in by the sea. Between the pure silt, sticky and clinging, of the river estuaries and the clean sand, drying and drifting in the strong breeze far out where the sea beats, lie sheets of muddy sand, areas of sandy mud. This ambiguous deposit is the habitat of the common cockle, which, lying submerged in quantities a few inches below the surface of the mud, offers a strong attraction to "cocklers," avian and human.

As the tide descends, small groups of men assemble garbed in pieces of oilskin held together by string, seemingly made adhesive by a plenitude of mud, and wearing thigh boots of ancient date. Closely they follow the sea in its retirement and, with their ramshackle little carts drawn by incredibly decrepit ponies, these human "cocklers" will wander deviously after the tide till they reach the area where cockles are most abundant. There, while the animals stand shivering with their backs to the wind, the cocklers rake vigorously in the mud, and, shaking their sieves, separate the cockles from their dirty environment. Enduring bitter wind and driving sleet, rain or shine, early morning or late, as permitted by the tide, they stand in the frigid mud patiently handling their cold, wet implements—a "horrid trade!"

Not that all days are black or given to wind and hail. Time is when across these banks, reflected in the wet mud, reversed in the pools and runnels remaining between the sand ridges, flare those wonderful sunsets beloved of the great landscape painter Turner, who came here, tradition says, to study the skies for his masterpieces of painting. Or the sky is blue and filled with clouds racing from the west; and the Great Orme's Head and the Little Orme, of a translucent, bluish purple, seem to hang, like Mohammed's coffin, between sea and sky; and these are the days when the avian "cocklers" become the rivals of the human and take their toll of the shellfish.

On this expanse assembles each winter a host of gulls—black-backs, greater and lesser, herring gulls, a small number of the so-called common gull, and a great array of black-headed gulls and kittiwakes. Curious it is that of all these gulls wintering



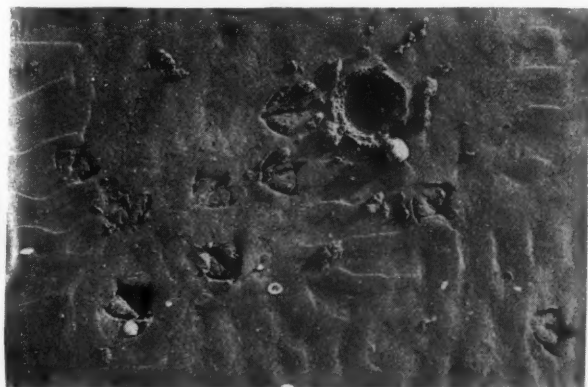
THE BEAK IS DRIVEN IN TO EXTRACT THE DEEP-LYING BIVALVE.



THE COCKLE IS DISINTERRED BY THRUSTING THE BEAK INTO THE MUDDY SAND; THE KITTIWAKE THEN RUNS INTO THE WIND.

on the banks one species only—the kittiwake—takes a definite and intelligent interest in the cockles. That this interest is intelligent will be admitted when their method of cockling is examined.

It is a bright clear day, with a fresh wind. Away on the horizon waves are breaking white on the outer banks, for the tide is rising, but the expanse of grey mud and tawny sand is still exposed and stretches widely right and left and far out to the breakers. The scene is animated. The air is filled with moving specks rising and descending, kittiwakes white against the tawny or the blue. Some few stand motionless on the banks, others run, and all movements seem at first haphazard. Presently one detects a certain similarity and sequence of action and a constant repetition of these. Concentrate on one bird: he will be seen to stand, to run quickly towards the wind and mount into the air; then hang with outstretched wings, suddenly descend falling headlong, check his descent and alight, remaining a short while where he settled. Or no stay will be made, only a very momentary alighting followed by the mount, the hang, the descent, the check, and once again the alighting. Then it will be observed that this succession of movements is taking place all around. This is the explanation: the kittiwake locates a cockle not by walking about, but, as a rule, in some mysterious way by observation from the air, as is seen by the double foot impressions in the illustrations showing where the gull has alighted by the cockle. How the bird determines the position of the cockle, which, of course, is buried, is not clear; the human eye cannot detect the spot. Perhaps there is a movement of the sand, a spurt of water, or, it may be, the cockle comes out, and, as it is alleged, goes leaping gaily to meet the incoming tide. However discovered, the cockle is disinterred by thrusting the beak into the muddy sand without any of the tentative



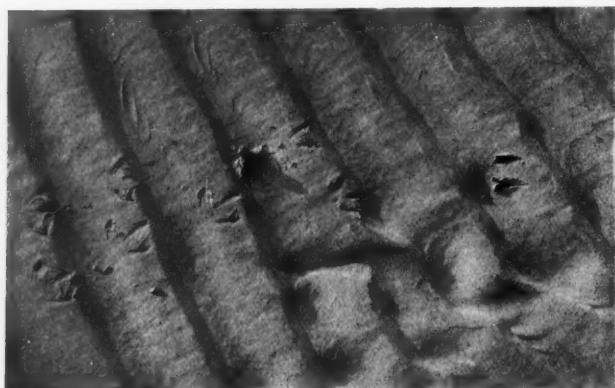
AT TIMES, THE COCKLE LYING DEEP, THE WHOLE HEAD WILL FOLLOW THE BEAK.



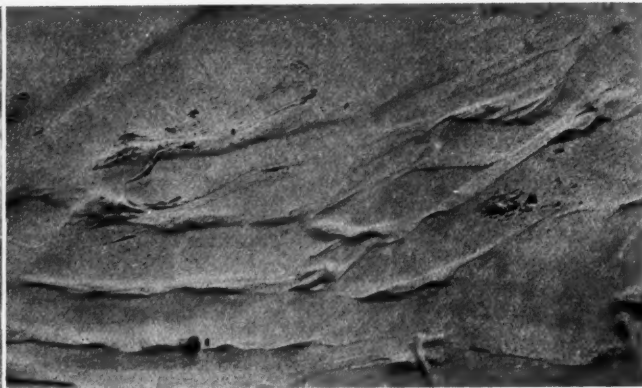
ONE OF THE VALVES IS BROKEN, THE OTHER INVARIABLY REMAINS INTACT.



THE CONTENTS OF THE SHELL ARE EATEN ON THE SPOT; THE FEET PADDLING THE SAND RESTLESSLY.



IF THE COCKLE IS UNBROKEN THE GULL MOMENTARILY ALIGHTS AND PICKS IT UP.



THE BIRD HERE PICKED UP THE COCKLE BEFORE THE FEET STRUCK THE GROUND.

probings common to the curlew and other long-beaked birds. At times, the cockle lying deep, the whole head will follow the beak, as may be seen from the illustration. The cockle secured, immediately the kittiwake runs into the wind for the "mounting flight." As it runs, its stride increases; the firm foot impressions change to mere scratches as the bird rises and the claws spurn the ground. Clear of the sand, it beats into the air until it is poised thirty or forty feet above a patch of hard sand. The cockle is then dropped. Without pause the gull follows, diving almost vertically with half-closed wings, until, nearing the ground, the wings are spread and the bird drops by the side of the cockle which, on striking the sand, has smashed. That is to say, one of the valves is broken, the other invariably remains intact and rolls along some few feet, blown by the wind, leaving marks of its progress indenting the sand and fragments of broken shell. The contents of the shell are eaten on the spot, the kittiwake's feet paddling the sand restlessly during the meal, after which it flies off and repeats the operation until satiated. At times, the sand being soft, the shell is not broken, in which case the gull barely alights, picks up the cockle and, without any pause, mounts into the air, makes for a harder patch of sand and again drops the cockle. The quickness and deftness with which this is done is shown in the illustration, where the bird picked up the cockle before its feet struck the ground, sliding when it made the impact. The term "intelligent" can surely be applied to a bird which knows how to find a concealed desideratum; that a fall of a certain distance will usually smash the shell, and that, if it does not, the ground is too soft and a harder place must be sought. Doubtless, it is the same type of intelligence as was possessed by the eagle which, it is recorded, killed the Greek poet Æschylus by dropping a tortoise on his bald head which the bird mistook for a stone. There is no danger of this fate overtaking an investigator of the foot impressions of the kittiwake; though the reference might provide Mr. Heath

Robinson with a subject for one of his amusing pictures, in which stout Liverpool city aldermen visiting Hoylake on early-closing afternoons would be depicted collecting cockles by chasing over the sands and offering their bald heads as points of impact for the dropped bivalves, using their quaint tall hats as receptacles for such as, literally, fell their way.

The "cockling" concluded, the kittiwakes congregate on the higher ridges of sand and, after preening, sleep with beak under the left wing until driven off by the rising tide.

A few miles up the estuary of the Dee lie the "mussel scalps," large masses of grey glacial clay jutting out into the water, on which grow mussels, large and small, in quantities. Closely packed and standing on end with the hinge downward, they are firmly anchored to each other and to the mud by the strong "byssus" threads or "beard" which each mussel spins from the end of its foot. The queer name "mussel scalp" seems to have been given not because of any resemblance to the human scalp, but from a Dutch word "schelpe," meaning a shell; while mussel has no etymological connection with the muscles of the body, but is derived from the German "muschel," which, in its turn, comes from the Latin "musculus," the diminutive of "mus," a mouse, from a fancied shape resemblance of the shellfish to that animal.

The position of the "scalps" is indicated by a smooth patch which appears on the rapidly descending tide, and this is the signal for the assembly of the "musselers," both bird and man. The first to notice it is a gull, which suddenly calls hoarsely. Instantly he is joined by others,

which mobilise seemingly from nowhere. All flutter and hover for some time, for the water is too deep. Soon they glide down and drop on to the tide, maintaining position by paddling hard against the swiftly running stream. Their heads are thrust under the surface as the water shallows enough to enable them to reach the mussels, which, with their valves open, are spreading their delicate orange



A CURLEW'S FOOT-PRINTS ON THE SOFT CLAY.

mantles to intercept any passing food. But not for long can the gulls thus feed, as quickly the highest part of the "scalps" appears, and then, soon, ridge after ridge of mussel-covered clay is disclosed. Then, as the tide rushes past, its friction with the shells produces a continuous muffled roar, now louder, now softer, faintly resembling the noise of falling water. The cormorants know the "scalps," and now they arrive, flying heavily but swiftly. A long glide, then their wings flap hurriedly as their feet descend to meet the impact with the water. They plough clumsily forward as their bodies meet the surface. The fish assemble in the vicinity of the "scalps," and where the fish are there the cormorants are gathered together. The curlew, too, know them. As soon as enough "scalp" is exposed they, too, arrive and walk on the soft clay, daintily picking up their feet as they probe here and there with their long curved beaks, staying at times to throw up their heads and utter their whistling cry. The clay takes excellent impressions, both of their feet and their probings. Small birds now appear in flocks—dunlin and ringed plover—and run brightly about, feeding. With them, perhaps, are a few redshank. But, though feeding on the "scalps," these birds, strictly, are not "musselers," and the handsome black and white birds, the oystercatchers, which are now arriving, are the only ones which feed directly on the mussels. Their name, by the way, is a misnomer; they have nothing to do with oysters, neither do they "catch" anything. They would more properly be termed "mussel openers" or, as called in one part of the country, "mussel pickers." But their accepted name is derived from a Dutch word "akster," meaning piebald, and is descriptive of their fine black and white plumage. By a curious process of doubling we get "akster-akster," which sounds sufficiently like the English words oyster catcher for the latter to become the translation.

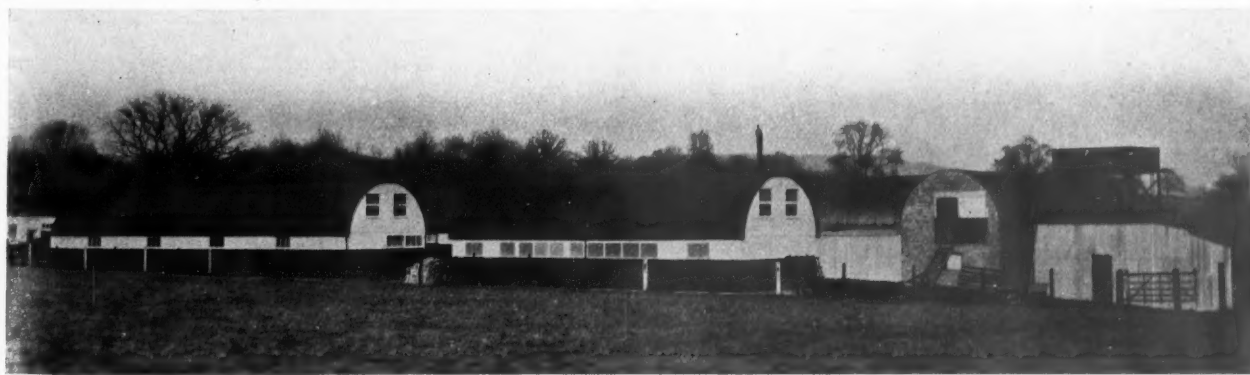
To get the full benefit from the "scalps" the oystercatchers must arrive immediately the tide runs off, as the mussels remain for a short time with slightly opened valves. This is the oystercatcher's opportunity, and enables him to drive his long blunt-ended orange beak in between the valves, which he opens by a sudden twist of the head and beak. The shells are usually opened from the dorsal side and are not damaged, as can be seen from the empty ones lying around. Two operations with the beak serve to clear every particle of the contents, then the bird is ready to step off and tap another mussel. He prefers this mode of opening the bivalve, and later will search the edge of the pools and even plunge his long beak into the mud in the hope of finding a partly opened shell. Failing this, he attacks the closed mussels, this time on their other side, fracturing the thin edges of the shells by way of making an opening, or he will even swallow them whole if they are small, ejecting, later on, the shells which have become comminuted in the gizzard. Somewhat of a mystery is the method of detecting a buried mussel. Stepping daintily across the mud with turned in toes, the beak taps here and there enquiringly, hardly penetrating the surface

at all, but leaving a slight double puncture at each tap from the upper and under mandible, as the beak is used partly open. What sensitive nerve in the beak reports the absence of the mussel or immediately signals for the beak to be driven in to extract the deep-lying bivalve?

Suddenly, off dash the oystercatchers with rapid wing-beats, calling "whit, whit" sharply and noisily. They are alarmed at the approach of a boat propelled by two men down the tide towards the "scalps." These are the human mussel gatherers. In the vicinity of the largest bank they cast anchor. One of them takes up a long-handled rake, throws the head forward towards the boat's bow, where it enters the water with a splash, the shaft sliding through his hands. This is the mussel rake, a fifteen-foot handle, headed with long iron teeth, and with a small semicircular net fixed between the handle and the head. Now the shaft becomes upright, the head has reached bottom. The "musseler" works at it with both hands, pressing downwards time after time, then begins to haul it up. The strong running tide carries the rake beyond the stern. It comes up empty; they are in the wrong place. The bow man pulls up the anchor, the other sculls; another position is taken some way down below and the raking begins again. This time the rake is hauled in with a black mass adhering to the teeth, mussels and clay. It is bitterly cold; the raker beats his wet hands against his sides, then throws again and again, bringing up mussels until the spot is cleared. Once again the boat is moved, and the same rhythmic casting of the rake gone through. Other boats have now arrived, and in each one man and sometimes two throw the long rakes and haul in the spoil—a busy scene.

Such birds as have stayed have moved to another part of the "scalp." They are not very timid; used, perhaps, to the presence of the "musselers." The tide still runs out, disclosing more and more mussel beds, dark and rough like a close conglomeration of small pebbles purplish in colour and glittering with tiny points of yellow light. Quiet ponds left in the hollows of the clay assume the colour of the sky and reflect the feeding birds with startling distinctness as in mirrors of old and discoloured glass. The stretch of seaward-hurrying water pushing the black channel-marking buoys to a steep angle is a sheet of warm moving grey. Wales lies beyond, so tenuous as to be almost invisible beneath a sky of the palest saffron. The flat sand right and left of the "scalps," tide-left, ribbed and wet, glows a pale lilac, exquisite; on it are shallow pools echoing, a little dully, the saffron sky. The steeper shore where the boulders lie washed out of the glacial clay offers varied hues of blue-grey and, where it meets the ribbed sand, is smeared with bright green "zostera" mingled with brown and purplish seaweed. Stretching across the river glistens the "pathway of the sun," silver-white edged with pale gold. And against the silver, in black silhouette, the "musselers" rhythmically swing and swing their long-handled rakes.

THE CALEHILL PARK GUERNSEYS



GENERAL VIEW OF COWSHEDS FROM MEADOW.

CALEHILL PARK, near Ashford in Kent, is an interesting example of an estate that three years ago was neglected, save for its pheasants and other game, and now is stocked with farm animals of the best type of breeding Guernsey cattle that win prizes at the leading shows and are earning a reputation for being great milkers; pedigree Berkshire pigs; and chickens of good laying strains. More important still, it has an increased population of workers who are better paid and better housed than their predecessors. How this change has been brought about is a lesson in the possibilities of land supposed to have only a low sporting value. The owner, Mr. A. Chester Beatty, did not accomplish this by any magic, but by the application of

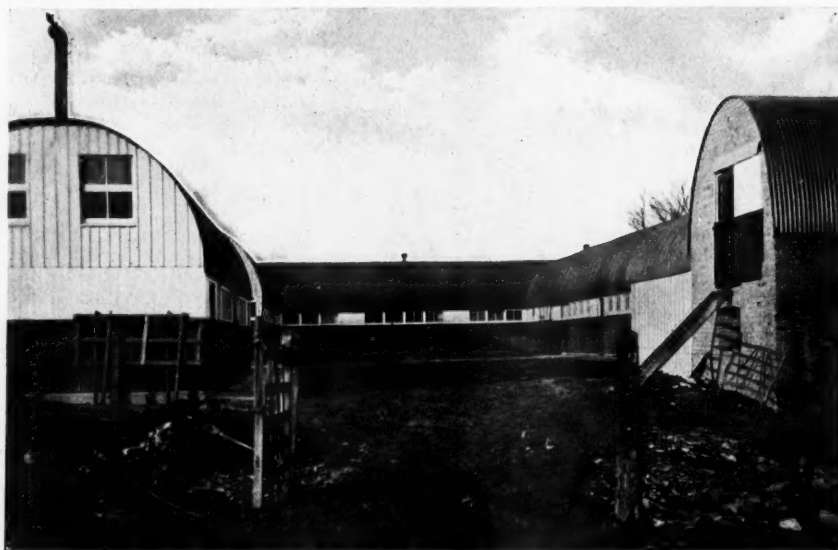
common-sense and good judgment to a problem only too common in the country just now.

Needless to say, he found the land run down, and the business was to get it into good heart again. The first necessity was that of bringing the pastures round. They had been starved, and the improvement was a task of some magnitude. The estate is small, but, if considered as a farm, it is large enough, as it consists of 600 acres in ownership and, in addition, 100 acres hired, making 700 acres in all. A holding of that area imperatively demands that a good herd of stock should be kept, and the difficulty has now been got over—especially as it is now reaping the benefit of the liberal dressings of basic slag applied in the early days of the enterprise.

The open-air pig is also of valuable assistance in this respect, as he not only contributes his share of manure, but is an enemy of weeds, many of which he prefers to food plants. Also, the plan was adopted of hurdling the pigs as sheep are hurdled and feeding them in a confined area.

Another important matter that required attention was the construction of the necessary farm-buildings. A brief study of the ground plan will show how well the lay-out accords with the needs of a dairy establishment on modern lines. The chief objects aimed at and here attained are, roomy and airy standings for the cows with facilities for draining away the liquid manure, and no obstacles to cleaning. In these days both liquid and solid manure are too precious to be wasted in the old way. Accordingly, there is a tank for the former so placed that the contents, with a minimum of labour, can be stored for conveyance at the proper time to the pastures—a matter of the first importance. On either side is a pit for the solids, which are kept dry and safe for ultimate transfer to the land. Convenience of feeding receives equal attention, the grain sheds, root stores and room for preparing food all being at a handy distance from the animals.

The interior of the shed is a model of what such a place should be. It has plenty of air and light, and the stalls are roomy and comfortable. The kind of stall adopted is American in origin, and it shows an improvement on the first used in this



EXTERIOR OF COWSHEDS.

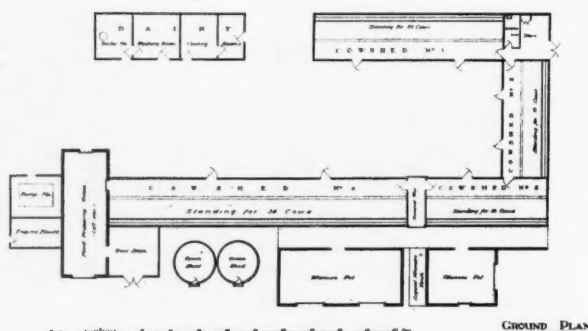
during the hottest summer weather. There are also ventilators along the centre of the roof, placed at equal distances from one another and inserted through both roofs so that the foul air is always travelling upwards and not down into the body of the shed where the animals are.

The buildings are Nissen huts set on concrete and brick foundations, with wooden sides and ends. One section of the shed is floored with Pluckley grooved blue bricks. The other section is partly paved with wood

blocks where the cows lie, but no marked difference has been found between the wood and the brick. Perhaps the bricks are the better of the two. Both were set in cement with the object of finding out whether the wood paving would be warmer for the cows' udders. Up to the present both have proved satisfactory. The advantage that the bricks possess over the wood is that the latter is naturally more absorbent.

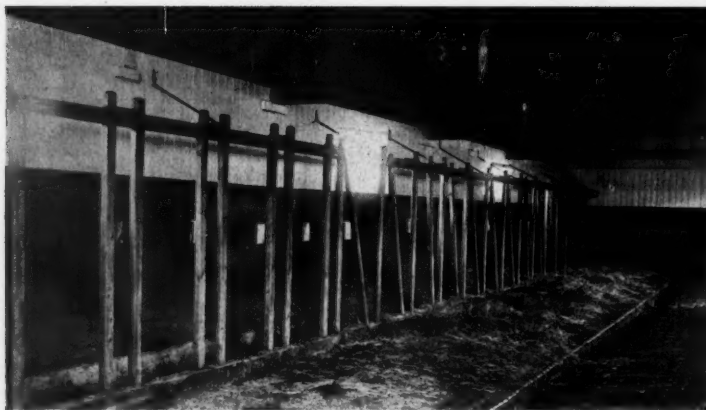
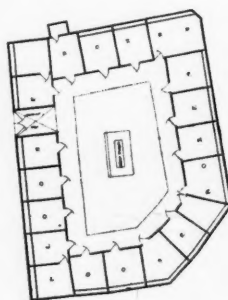
A word ought to be said about the appearance of the buildings, which is an unusual feature of the farmyard. They are extremely neat and attractive in the illustrations, and the reader may rest assured that they are so in reality.

It becomes obvious, even from the most cursory inspection, that the herd is one of great beauty as well as of outstanding merit. We were particularly struck by the appearance of the young stock which, after all, is the supreme test of good breeding and management. They were seen at all stages, from that of the calf to the heifer, and ultimately to the cow. This result must in some measure be attributed to the open-air system which has been adopted. The cows live outside all the year except when their calving time is near at hand, then they are placed indoors until the event is over; but for the most part reliance is placed upon the natural advantages of fresh air and



PLAN OF DAIRY AND COWSHEDS.

country by the substitution of wood for the two iron posts for the neck of the cow. They are very well depicted in our illustration. Iron is a cold and heavy substance to be used in place of the old-fashioned halter, and the wood is an obvious improvement. The roof consists of a double galvanised iron covering with a 4in. air space between the inner and the outer roofs. This accounts for no condensation falling from the iron roof on to the backs of the animals and for the coolness of the sheds



OCCUPIED AND EMPTY COWSHEDS, SHOWING WOODEN HALTERS.

fresh grass, supplemented by a well thought out diet. No herd could possibly be in better condition. The care thus exemplified was exercised from the beginning, as Mr. Chester Beatty took care to lay his foundation well. The herd was selected from the best strains of Guernsey blood, and money was not spared when absolute quality was assured. The bull is half the herd in the Guernsey, as in other breeds, and the Calehill Park herd was fortunate in securing an exceptionally good start. The cows were selected on the principle that type is everything, and type in this case depends on conformation. Their milking qualities would be obvious even without any knowledge that was not gained by the eye, though these qualities are very thoroughly established by the carefully kept milking

records. The bulls chosen were the best that could be obtained; the leader, Sequel's Slogan, has proved his merit by the many championships and cups he has won. He was calved on March 16th, 1916, the following being his pedigree: Sire, Sequel's Honoria 2nd 2816 p.s.; Dam, Sequel's Bountiful 4038 f.s. A.R. 131 by Galaxy's Sequel 1539 p.s. g d Sequel's Bounty 3644 f.s. He has gained many distinctions, winning, in 1918, the first prize and King's Cup, Royal Guernsey Agricultural Society. In 1919 he won second prize in a similar competition and first prize at the Guernsey Farmers' Association. In 1920 he was first and champion at the Royal Guernsey Agricultural Society's Show and won first prize at the Guernsey Farmers' Association. In 1921 he gained a second at the Royal



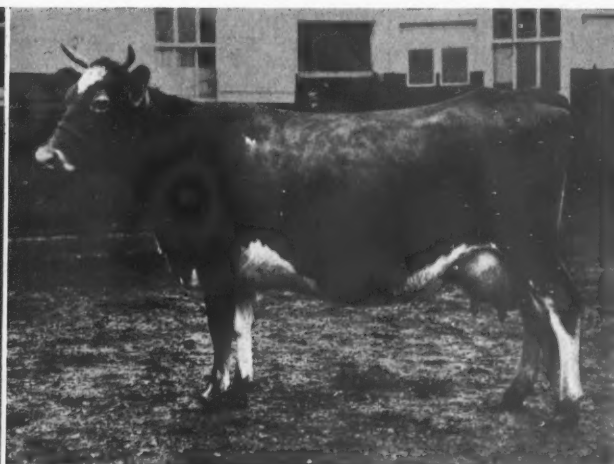
BOCONNOC BLAZE.



FLOSSY OF BELLA COTTAGE.



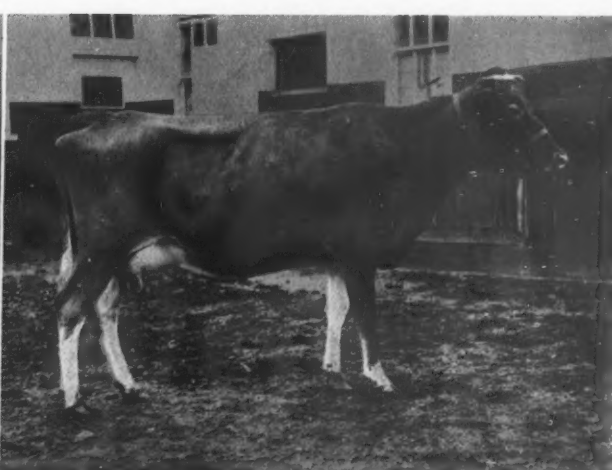
LIZETTE OF ST. CATHERINE.



ROWANBERRY OF GOODNESTONE.



LILY OF L'AUMONE 2ND.



SYLPH'S FAIRY

SIX PAIL-FILLERS.

Guernsey Agricultural Society's Show, and he took the first prize and Progeny Special at the Guernsey Farmers' Association. In 1922 he was first and champion at the Royal Guernsey Agricultural Society. His pedigree is a good one, as Sequel's Honoria 2nd won the second prize and King's Cup and was awarded the Peer Trophy in 1916, 1917, 1918 and 1919 with groups of four of his progeny, with different animals on each occasion. His dam Sequel's Bountiful has a record in a lactation period of 11,963lb. of milk and 613lb. of butter. It is not only victory in the showyard, however, that recommends Sequel's Slogan. One does not like to use superlatives and say that he is absolutely the greatest Guernsey sire in England, but it would be difficult indeed to lay the finger on a better. In America, where the Guernsey is an established favourite on account of its being a heavy milker, giving rich milk with a high percentage of butter fat, and a large animal capable of giving an enormous yield in its lactation period, the stock produced by Sequel's Slogan is eagerly sought after. This bull has a good second in Murrell Golden Cheer, an animal that needs very little description, as he has been victor in so many English show rings.

The proof of the pudding lies in the eating of it, and the records of the cows fully substantiate this high praise. Lizette of St. Catherine, for instance, calved on June 20th, 1918, has a wonderful record of successes, the extent to which she has been shown being proved by the fact that she travelled over two thousand miles by rail last year. She took the first prize at the Bath and West butter test last year with a score of 56½lb. of milk and 2lb. 7½oz. of butter. At the Royal Counties Show she again won the butter prize, and at Newcastle she was reserve champion at the milking trials, having been eighty-five days in milk and yielding under the test 56½lb. of milk with a butter fat ratio of 4.07 per cent. Her milk record for the year ended October 1st, 1923, is 11,155½lb. of milk with a butter fat ratio of 4.83 per cent.

Another great bull is Cyrenes Emblem of the Rouvets. He was winner of the King's Cup in 1922 and first and champion at the Whitsun Show, 1923. His dam, Cyrene 2nd of the Rouvets, gave 9,511.45lb. of milk and 480lb. of butter. Calehill Butterboy, 4418, calf of Murrell Golden Lad, 3764, born on January 2nd, 1921, has also had a distinguished career in the show ring.

We give a list of the milking records of other cows:

MILK RECORDS.
Year ending October 1st, 1923.

Dene Holly	7,179½lb. milk in 299½ days.
Clara's Richesse of Duvaux	7,835½ " " 365 "
Lily's Beauty 4th of Le Tertre	6,915½ " " 339 "
Calehill Jean	6,463 " " 313 "
Lizette of St. Catherine	11,155½ " " 366 "
Nicoll's Princess	6,847½ " " 336 "
Calehill Surprise	9,495½ " " 365 "
Bickleigh Damsel	8,361½ " " 351 "
Froome's Myrtle	6,157½ " " 329 "
Flossy of Bella Cottage	9,144½ " " 365 "
Cheminante of Carteret	9,421½ " " 365 "
Calehill Edith	8,406 " " 319 "
Peace Poundstock	6,599½ " " 278 "
Lily of L'Aumone 2nd	9,056½ " " 316 "
Nicoll's Golden Fairy 2nd (daughter of Sequel's Slogan)	7,053½ " " 365 "
Sarnia's Tulip 2nd (daughter of Sequel's Slogan)	7,827½ " " 319 "
Masher Girl of the Marais	6,855½ " " 320 "
Gwendolen of Duvaux	6,448½ " " 297 "
Mignonette of Duvaux	6,605½ " " 343 "
Addington Begum 4th	9,083½ " " 330 "



ADDINGTON BEGUM 4TH.

Golden Queen of Goodnestone	7,950½lb. milk in 293 days.
Armistice of Duvaux	7,041½ " " 289 "
Moss Rose of Duvaux	6,476½ " " 287 "
Calehill Golden Lady	6,495½ " " 246 "
Calehill Ivy	4,113 " " 175 "
Calehill Flora	4,043 " " 153 "
Calehill Jeanette	2,654½ " " 111 "
Calehill Tulip	1,968½ " " 100 "

The following are some interesting recent additions to the herd:

Sylph's Fairy, calved on September 13th, 1923. Her yield in twenty-five weeks was 3,504½lb. She was second in her class at the London Dairy Show, 1923.

Boconnoc Blaze and Boswednan Pennycake have both been purchased recently. The two animals have calved since their purchase, and are giving 3½ gallons of milk a day.

Cyrene's Emblem of the Spurs is a young bull imported last year. His sire is Cyrene's Lad of the Rouvets, who was first and champion on the island of Guernsey last year. His dam is Polly 2nd of Richmond Cottage, who has an Advance Register record of 9,783½lb. of milk and 529.05lb. of butter fat.

We have not enough space left to enlarge on the pigs, which promise to become a very important feature of the livestock at no distant date, or on the flock of Leghorn chickens. Here, as elsewhere, these birds prove themselves excellent layers, but they have the disadvantage of being single-purpose poultry; they are not large enough to make them popular table birds, and it is under consideration whether it would not be well to replace them by white Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds or some other breed which combines weight with good productivity. The housing of the various animals is not meant for show so much as for efficiency. There are many substantially built farm buildings, but they had been erected ages ago for conveniences not required in a day when mechanical power had dethroned the horse from the pride of place he once possessed. Nor does it seem to have been the custom in the old time for a farmer to possess the large quantities of livestock which are now common. Stables and other outhouses have been diverted from their original purposes and turned into very convenient and comfortable quarters for calving cows, and calves themselves, the bulls and other animals that do not have a continuous wide range of the fields.



SEQUEL'S SLOGAN.



MURRELL GOLDEN CHEER.

METALWORK IN MOROCCO

IT is said that a metalworker of Damascus, being tempted by Satan, once made a bronze statue more perfect than anything ever dreamed of by Benvenuto Cellini or Michelangelo. Whereupon the earth opened and swallowed up both the artist and his work. It is a good story, probably the reply of an Arabian artist to some bragging Christian; but, however that may be, proof is not wanting that Mohammedan metalworkers could produce masterpieces, even though their religion forbade them the human frame as a model.

From all time Arabia was justly famous for its brasswork. Damascus had its chased and engraved sword blades, and those who know the Arab Museum in Cairo will not easily forget the treasures of brass and copper it contains. But probably few travellers to Morocco have noticed metalwork of any artistic merit, for in the Shereefian Empire beautiful things are hidden, especially from the unbeliever, and one must look very closely and wait very patiently if one would find them.

In the centre of Fez stands a great mosque, called "El Karouiyn," after the holy town of Kairouan in Tunisia. It is one of the very sacred places of Islam, and within its precincts my interest in Moroccan metalwork was first aroused. It was, of course, quite impossible for a Christian to enter the mosque, but that very fact rendered it doubly attractive, and I would wander for hours through the dark and narrow streets surrounding it, and pause for an instant before each of its three doors to catch a glimpse of the great courtyard and the long series of arcades that seemed to stretch, dark and mysterious, into infinite distance. One of these doors is known as the door of the Library, for in that part of the mosque were stored the first Arabic books, brought from Spain to Fez in A.D. 1284. For a time this library was celebrated throughout all Islam, but gradually neglect and decay did their work, and to-day the books have disappeared.

But the door remains, and is one of the two carved bronze doors now existing in Fez, the other being in the Medersa or college of Abou Inan. Originally, all three entrances to the Karouiyn Mosque were graced with metal-covered doors, but only that of the Library has survived intact six centuries of strife. Its design consists of a series of transverse panels about eighteen inches in height, divided by rows of large pointed studs. These panels are again divided into smaller spaces by a simple geometrical design in relief, each alternate division being embossed. But what at once holds the attention are the magnificent bronze knockers with their hexagonal open centres of a form which is particularly pleasing. These knockers were at one time a feature of every important building in Fez. To-day, alas! specimens are rare. Besides those of El Karouiyn, the Medersa of Abou Inan, mentioned above, possesses a very beautiful pair. They are

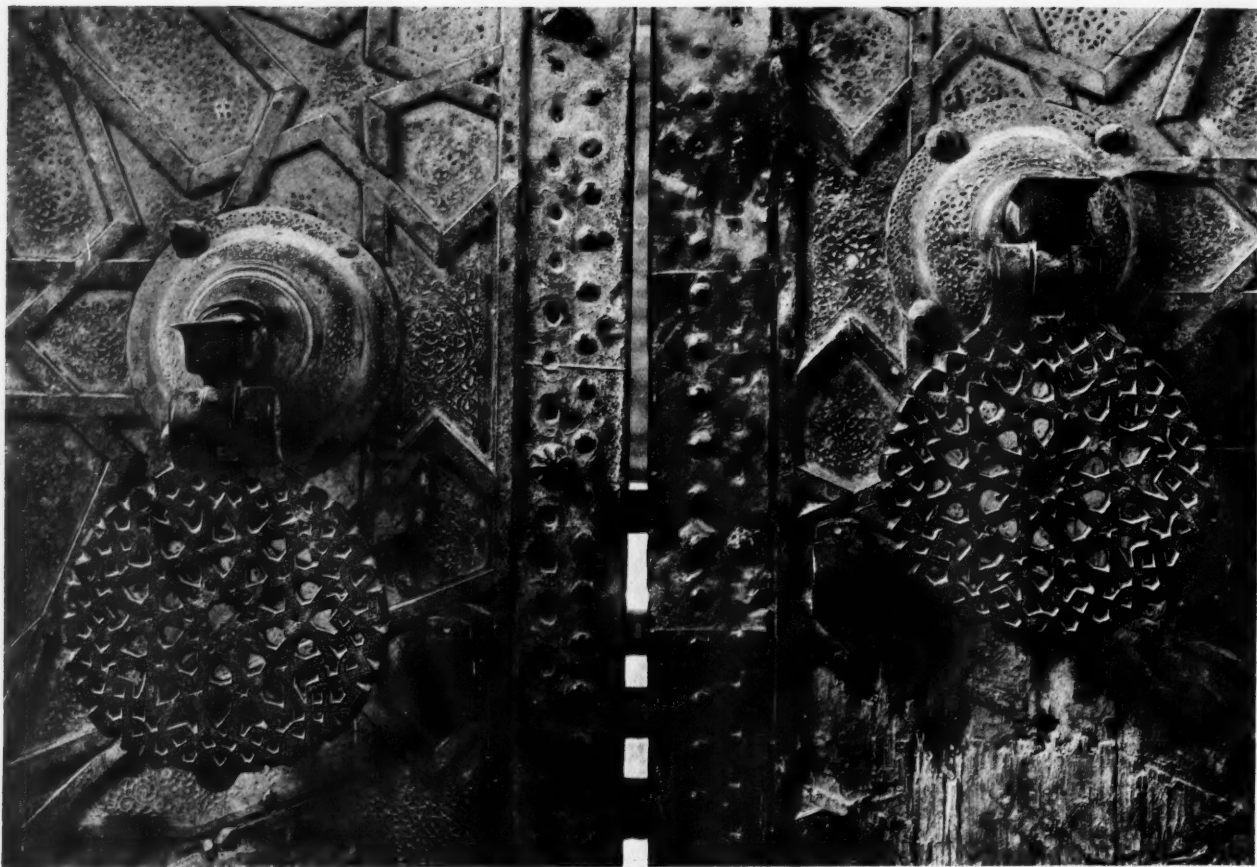
round and perfectly flat, with an intricate geometrical design of pierced work, made to match the decoration of the door itself, upon which every available space has been chased and pierced till not a single corner remains unadorned. One can imagine how the artist, grown very, very old, looked at last upon his completed work. Then, perhaps, he raised the knocker and knocked at the door he had beautified, and was allowed to end his days in the calm seclusion of the courtyard within. The knockers could tell much, if they could only speak. For centuries they have watched the turbulent life of Fez flow through its narrow streets. They know how the crowds have flung themselves in impotent rage against the bronze panels. They have been seized by panting fugitives when it was too late, and drenched with their blood a moment later. Madmen have rattled them and been admitted, for madness is something very holy. And now an infidel has touched them and moved them to and fro, and they seemed to shiver and shrink, though there was only admiration in the touch.

But the metalworkers of Fez did not confine themselves to bronze. They also used iron, carrying out designs in that metal much resembling the carved wooden screens to be found in many of the mosques and medersas. The window of the shrine of Mouley Idriss, founder and patron saint of Fez, is an excellent example of this work. It is filled by a wrought-iron screen divided into two parts, the upper formed of a series of scrolls surrounding two central panels decorated with a deeply sunk pattern in very fine pierced work, while the lower portion continues the design of the carved cedarwood screen beneath it. The photograph is specially interesting. Until a few years ago it could never have been taken, the narrow lane which passes outside the shrine being forbidden ground to all unbelievers, barred at either end by a wooden beam beyond

which it was sacrilege to pass. Also, besides iron and woodwork, it shows one of the typical brass lanterns of Fez which play such a great part in processions and feasts. Nearly always of the same elongated form, they were sometimes four-sided, sometimes hexagonal, with a high dome-shaped roof which in some of the older lanterns is decorated with very beautiful pierced work. In a town devoid of public lighting they were a necessity, which among the rich and aristocratic Fazis soon became a costly luxury. A man's importance could be judged by his lanterns, some of which stood nearly four feet high and contained as many as ten candles. They were carried on the heads of slaves, who preceded their master when he rode abroad at night, an impassive figure swathed in fine linen and mounted on a great white mule. Such lanterns are still in universal use, and the effect of the flickering yellow lights above the shining faces of the negro slaves as they move slowly



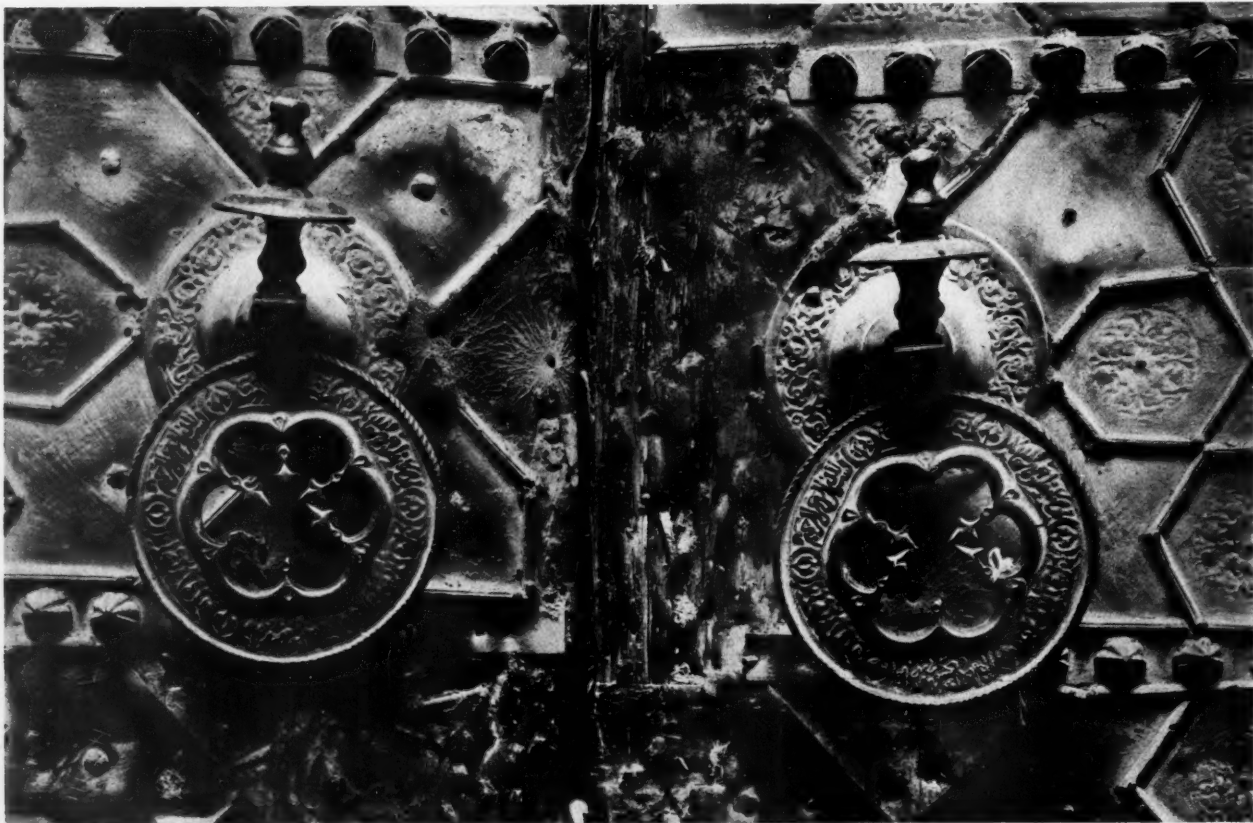
BRONZE CHANDELIER IN THE GREAT MOSQUE OF TAZA.



BRONZE KNOCKERS OF THE MEDERSA ABOU INAN.

through the tunnel-like streets is weird in the extreme. As a last point of interest it will be noticed that in the centre of the carved cedarwood screen there is a round hole through which alms for the holy Idriss and his descendants may be dropped, and beneath it a woman kisses the mosaic-covered wall. A familiar scene, whatever the setting; for, after all, saints and shrines have much in common all the world over.

Nothing could more worthily terminate these brief notes on Moroccan metalwork than a description of the chandelier, which is the pride of the great Mosque of Taza, a town situated about half way between Fez and Tlemcen in Algeria. Few works of Moslem art have acquired greater fame, and its antiquity and artistic value are known and commented upon by every Moroccan sage, while the common folk never tire of singing its praises with that exaggeration which is the charm



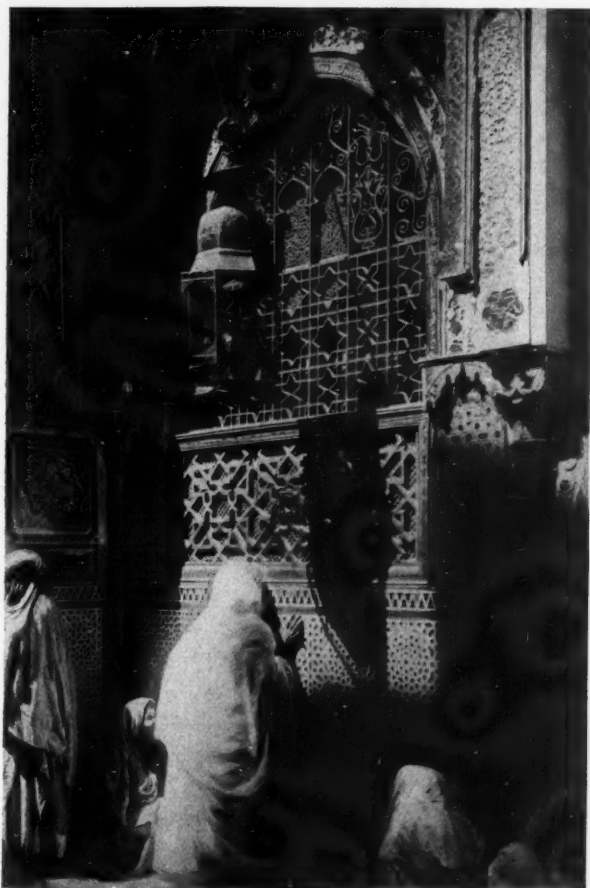
THE KNOCKERS OF THE LIBRARY DOOR MOSQUE OF EL KAROUYIN.

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of every Arab tale. Only the brass chandelier of the Medersa El Attarin at Fez in any way resembles it, but on a much smaller scale and of a later period (seventeenth century), so that in point of size and age Taza has no rival. The word "chandelier" may sound somewhat out of place, but it is the only one which exactly describes such a construction, which is really a stand for a number of lamps, as will be explained later on. Were no other sources of information available, the literature of the country could supply us with every detail concerning this masterpiece, of which a full record was kept from the beginning. El Salaoui, author of the "Kitab el Istiqsa," gives the following description: "In the year 693 of the Hegira (A.D. 1294), the Sultan Yousaf completed the Great Mosque of Taza. In it he hung a chandelier of pure copper" (found now to be bronze) "weighing thirty-two kantars" (about 1½ tons) "and fitted with 514 lights. The Sultan spent no less than 8,000 gold dinars" (about £4,000) "on the building of the Mosque and the construction of the chandelier."

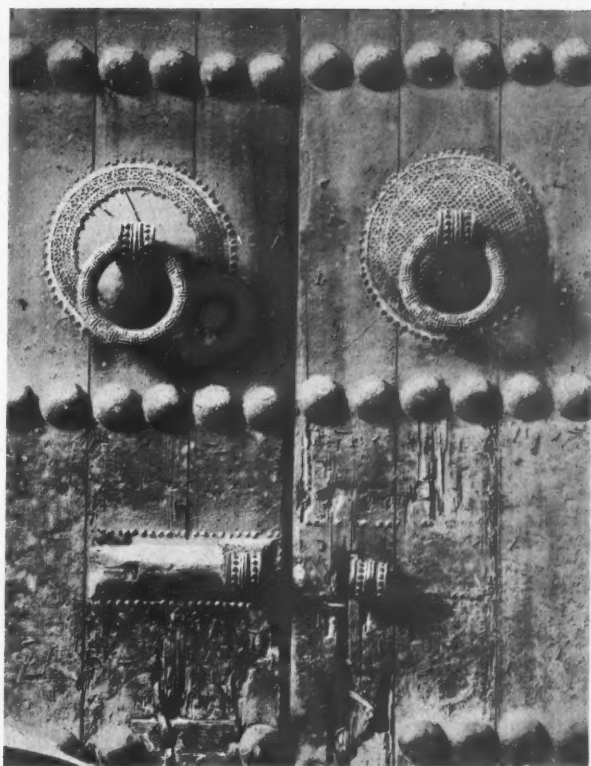
Another historical record, the "Raoudh el Quirtas," also mentions it in very similar terms. "In the year 693 the Emir Abou Yacoub Yousaf completed the building of the great Mosque of Taza, and placed within it a chandelier whose weight was thirty-two kantars of copper, and the number of its lights 514. The sum spent was 8,000 gold dinars."

Thus, for 630 years the chandelier has hung in the centre of the main transept of the mosque. It consists of an enormous



WINDOWS OF THE SHRINE OF MOULEY IDRIS.

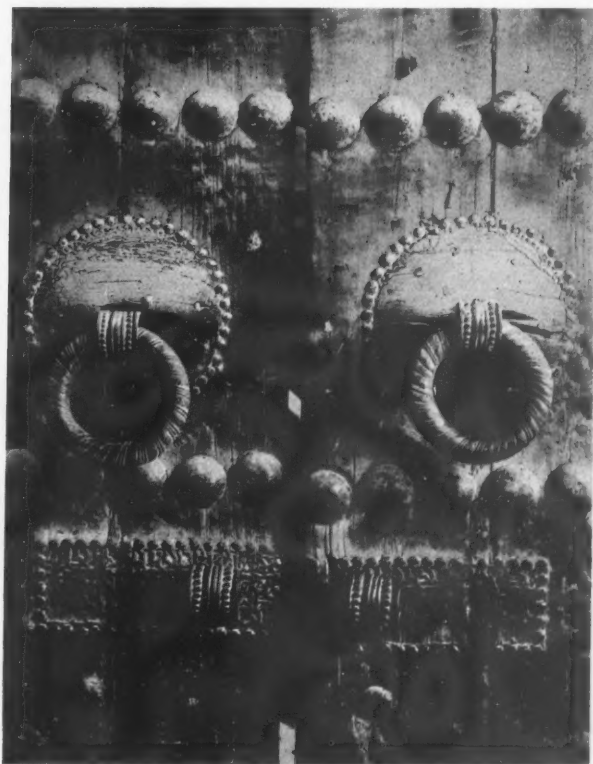
cone of chased and pierced bronze, 8ft. in diameter and about 5ft. high, from the top of which rises a metal tube supporting a ball and a small lantern-shaped ornament, the whole being suspended from the roof by a heavy chain. In the interior of the cone are sixteen curved panels of pierced bronze, rising dome-like to a central point, while its exterior forms a series of ten circular steps about 5ins. in height, which diminish in size as they approach the summit. These ten steps certainly once held the 514 lights mentioned by the Arab historians, but, unfortunately, the raised movable holders which contained the actual oil lamps have disappeared, with the exception of one which was found broken on the lowest step. Gradually neglect did its work, and now for quite a hundred years the glass wick containers and candles have been placed directly on the steps, with the result that every detail of the decoration disappeared under a thick layer of grease and dirt. Still, this very dirt served a good purpose, for when the French Fine Arts Department undertook to spend a sum of money on restoring the interior of the mosque, it was stipulated that the chandelier should be cleaned, thus creating a unique opportunity for its examination. It is, unfortunately, impossible to illustrate its decoration in detail; but though the photograph, taken under difficult circumstances, leaves much to be desired, it



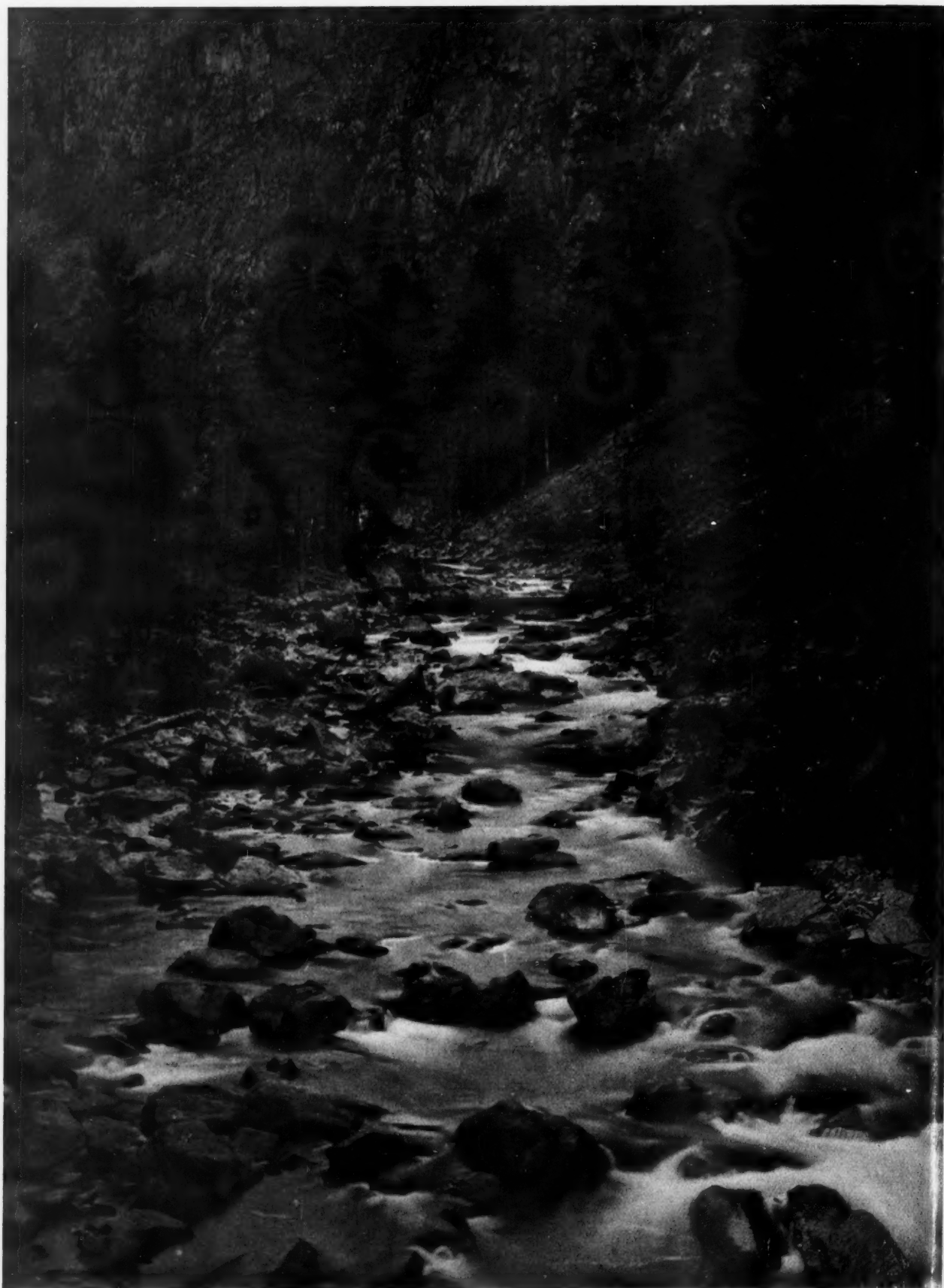
KNOCKERS FROM AN OLD GATEWAY IN FEZ.

shows at least the artistic value of what must rank as a unique specimen of thirteenth century Moroccan metalwork. The artist has surpassed himself, and one can only regret that none of the records makes any mention of him. Besides engraving a very fine inscription recording the presentation of the chandelier and dated 694 of the Hegira (A.D. 1295), he has covered each step and framed each panel with verses from the Koran in rectangular Cufic letters through which twine leaves and flowers. The art with which the various scrolls and mouldings are interwoven is admirable. On every surface, however small, imagination has been allowed to run riot, and nowhere has a design been repeated.

Nowadays a motor road runs from Fez past Taza to Oran, and every tourist may see the exterior of the Great Mosque. None may enter; but those who know—those who have tact and reverence—may, perhaps, manage to catch a glimpse of the bronze treasure within, Morocco's greatest work in metal. JOHN HORNE.



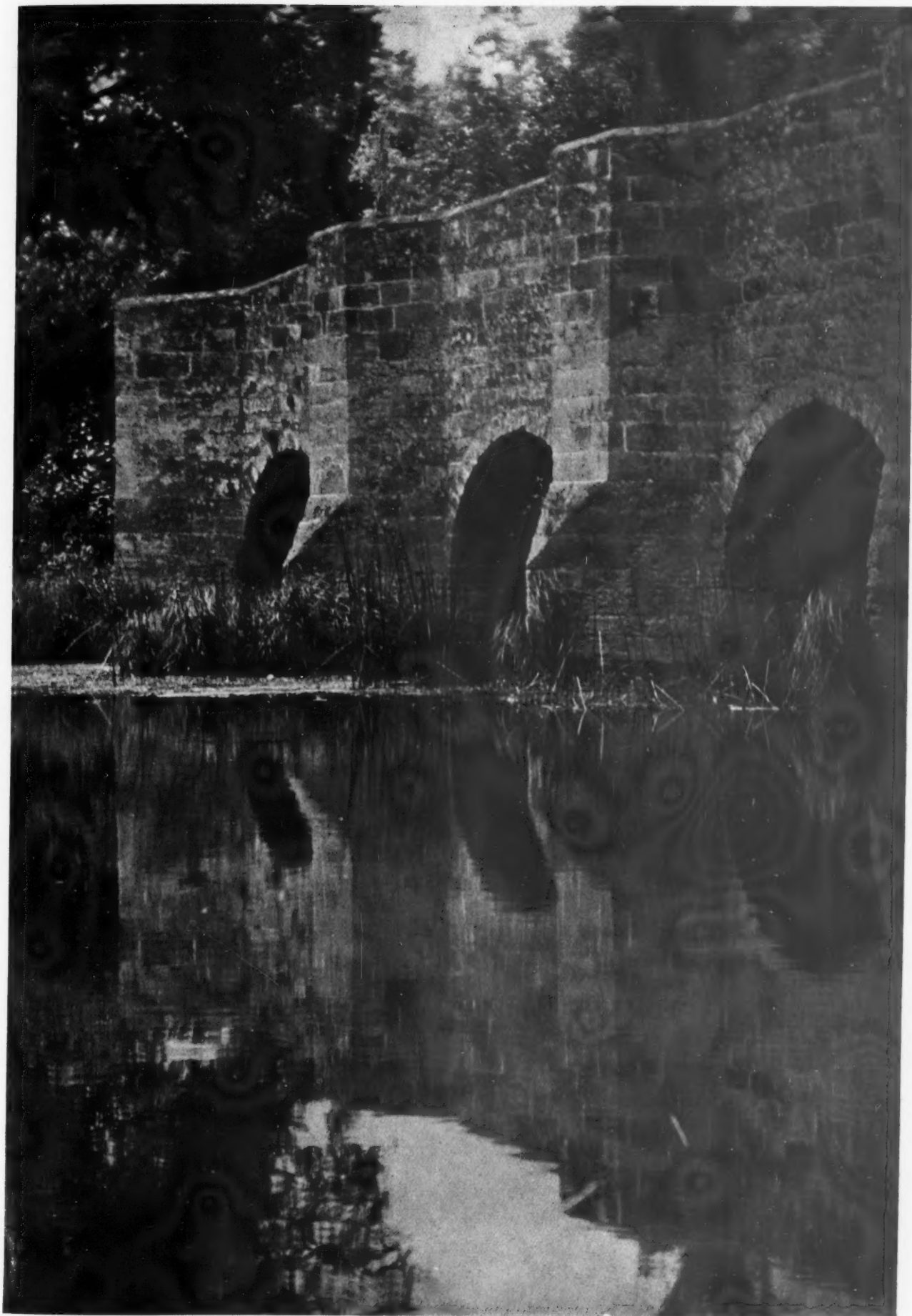
ANOTHER PAIR OF KNOCKERS.

*L. V. Temple.*

THE CHATTERING HILL STREAM.

Copyright.

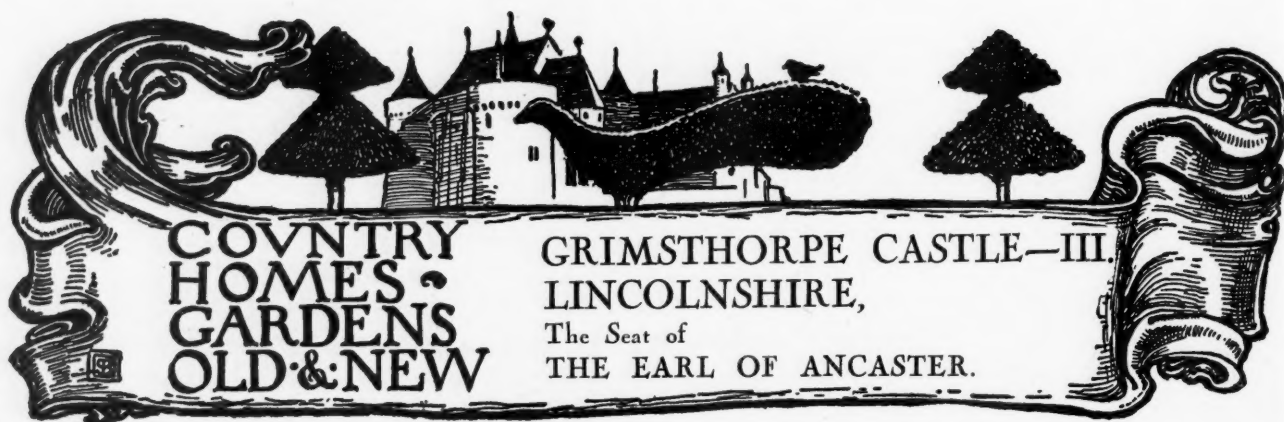
A NOISE LIKE OF A HIDDEN BROOK,
IN THE LEAFY MONTH OF JUNE,
THAT TO THE SLEEPING WOODS ALL NIGHT
SINGETH A QUIET TUNE.



M. O. Dell.

QUIET WATER AT STOPHAM BRIDGE.

Copyright.



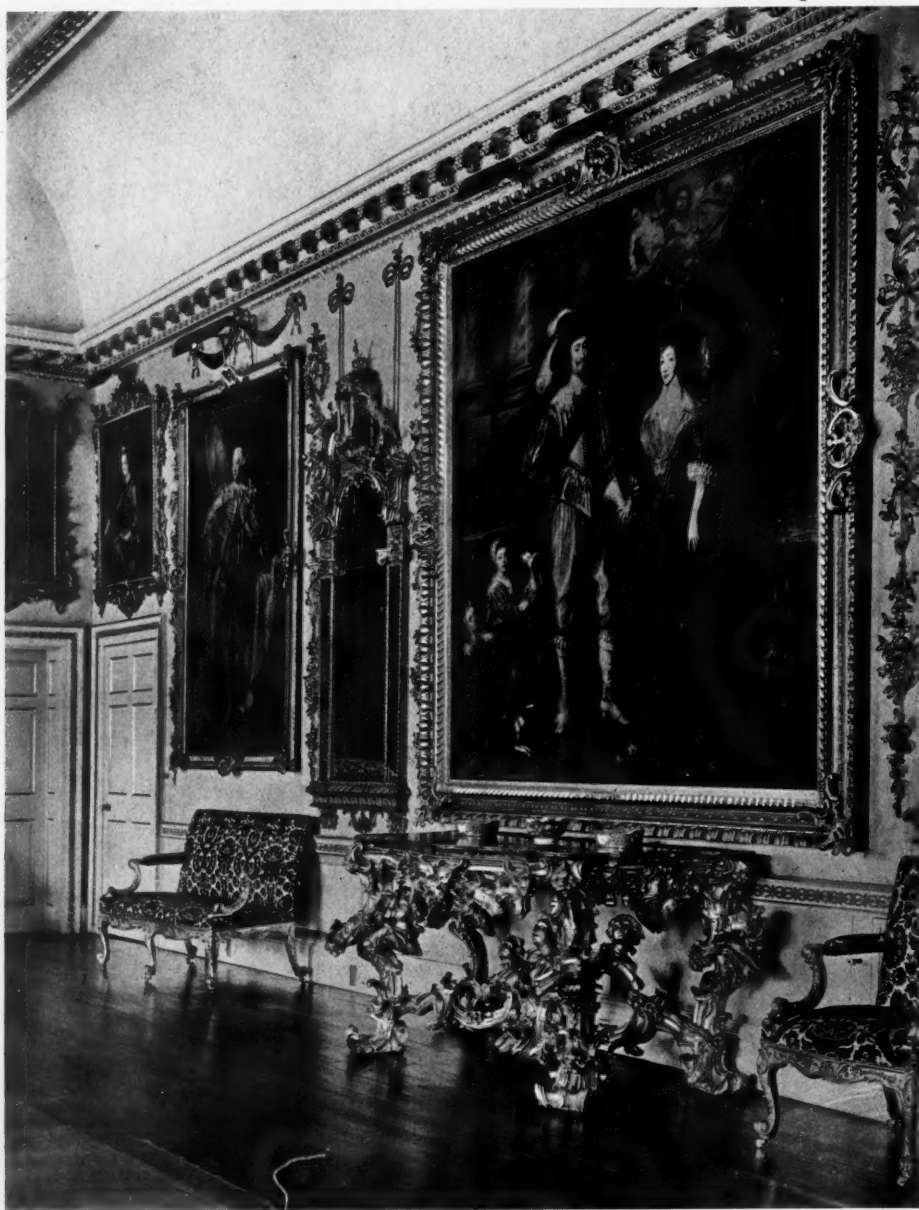
A SUCCESSION of very fine rooms occupies the first floor of the east wing; a wing apparently built during the latter half of the sixteenth century. They consist of three drawing-rooms, the most important of which is the State drawing-room (Figs. 1, 2, 3 and 6). During the eighteenth century and until 1848 this appears to have been used as a dining-room. It now contains the magnificent Van Dyck of Charles I and his family, seen in Fig. 1, and several other imposing canvases of the dukes and their duchesses. At either end stands a great settee, with eagles, ducally crowned, supporting the arms; they are part of a set of chairs upholstered in crimson and white Genoa velvet. A fine writing

table, seen in Fig. 3, stands in one corner. The mounts are by Philippe Caffieri, of about the date 1755. This, together with the fine cartonniers standing on it, came from the House of Lords in 1847. Among other notable pieces are the mirrors each side of the Van Dyck and an inlaid commode of Louis XVI period from the Duke of Newcastle's sale.

The chimneypiece, of white and Siena marbles, is an exceptionally fine one, and is obviously contemporary with the one in the dining-room, that is to say, rather later than Vanbrugh's work on the north wing. The subject of the chimneypiece cartouche is Androcles and the Lion, and above is framed the portrait of Robert Bertie, first Earl of Lindsey, who was

killed at Edge Hill. Of these rooms, only "King James's drawing-room" (Fig. 7) was touched by Sir John. Until their redecoration during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries they probably retained their Tudor guise—whatever it was. In King James's drawing-room there is much exquisite French and English eighteenth century furniture, including six superb armchairs, probably by Chippendale, in the style called "French chairs." Each one, 44ins. in height, is upholstered in Gobelin tapestry from designs by Boucher, of pastoral subjects. They were bought in 1829, at Christie's, in Lady Willoughby de Eresby's sale, for £7 15s. per chair. The very notable mirror with the Bertie supporters (a monk and a savage) bears the initials "P.L." for Peregrine Marquess of Lindsey, who succeeded in 1742 as third duke. This is also ascribed to Chippendale, though the French influence is as strong here as in the chairs. In the same room the chimneypiece and decoration are probably Vanbrugh's. Above the former is a fine picture, after Van Dyck, of Robert Lord Lindsey. In another corner there is a curious Portuguese allegorical picture of "the brave Lord Willoughby," that Peregrine, who was born to Richard Bertie and the Duchess of Suffolk at Lower Wesel in Flanders.

One of the most devoted of the Queen's servants, Willoughby, went on several embassies to Denmark. "Yet he was wont to say that he was none of the reptilia which could creep on the ground; and that a court became a souldier of good will and a great spirit, as a bed of down would one of the Tower Lyons." He was,



Copyright.

1.—IN THE STATE DRAWING-ROOM.

Charles I and family, by Van Dyck. Beyond, a very fine mirror.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

2.—AN END OF THE STATE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Pictures of the first Duke and Duchess. Kentian settee and chairs. Writing-table, with mounts by P. Caffieri, c. 1755.



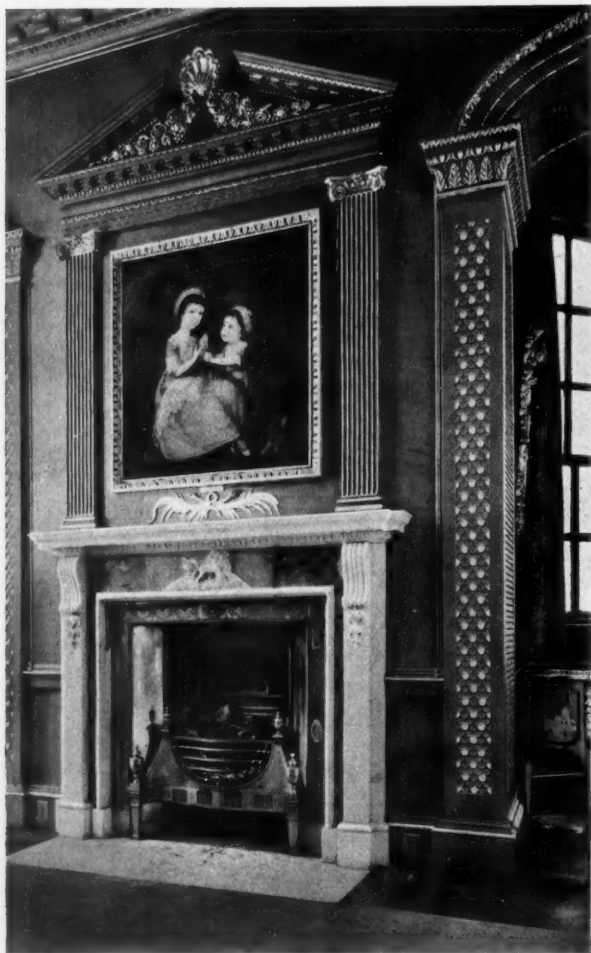
Copyright.

3.—THE BAY WINDOWS OF THE STATE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright. 4.—CHIMNEYPiece IN THE TAPESTRY BEDROOM. "C.L."



Copyright. 5.—CHIMNEYPiece IN BLUE DRAWING-ROOM. "C.L."
The Ladies Priscilla and Georgiana Bertie, by Peters.

therefore, in 1586, sent to join the forces in Holland, and was almost immediately appointed Governor of Bergen-op-Zoom in succession to Sir Philip Sidney. In the skirmish at Zutphen, where Sir Philip was mortally wounded, Willoughby achieved a notable triumph in capturing, single-handed, a redoubtable French captain called de Cressiac. Towards the end of 1587 he succeeded Leicester in the supreme command, and a thankless task he found it. His private fortune was dissipated in keeping the troops together, and no action was ever risked. There are several letters to him from one Jonathan Stubbe, scrivener, who appears to have been his chaplain and secretary at home, where Lady Willoughby carried on the administration of Grimsthorpe.

"Here is also some unkindness," writes honest Jonathan, "for sixty armours to be carried presently out of the house to the armourer, and so over sea . . . my Lady, your wife, would be glad of some little warrant of your hand for delivery . . . to say truth it is no



6.—STATE DRAWING-ROOM CHIMNEYPiece: ANDROCLES AND THE LION.

Over this chimney-piece—the first Earl of Lindsey.

trifling matter to empty your storehouse of armour. It is a man's other treasury. . . .

Then the good old man ends up :

Be valiant, my Lord, in so good a cause, yet advised, staid not sudden, and that shall never a whit detract from courage or valour. Father Fabius' cunctation mingled with Scipio's haut courage, makes a good confection.—

London, Barbican, from your own open gallery. . . .

In a subsequent letter we learn that Willoughby did not relish these "conceits of my own which it pleaseth your Lordship to call councils."

At the time of the Armada many of his forces were recalled, but his brave wife went out and joined him, partly to care for him during constant prostrations by a chronic ailment which hardship and short commons did not diminish. At length, in 1589, his continual requests to be recalled were attended to, and he was relieved of his command. Almost immediately,



Copyright.

7.—"KING JAMES'S" DRAWING-ROOM.
Probably decorated in a French style, *circa* 1725.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

8.—THE BLUE DRAWING-ROOM.
Soho tapestries, with yellow ground, by J. Morris. Made *circa* 1723 for Sir Gilbert Heathcote.

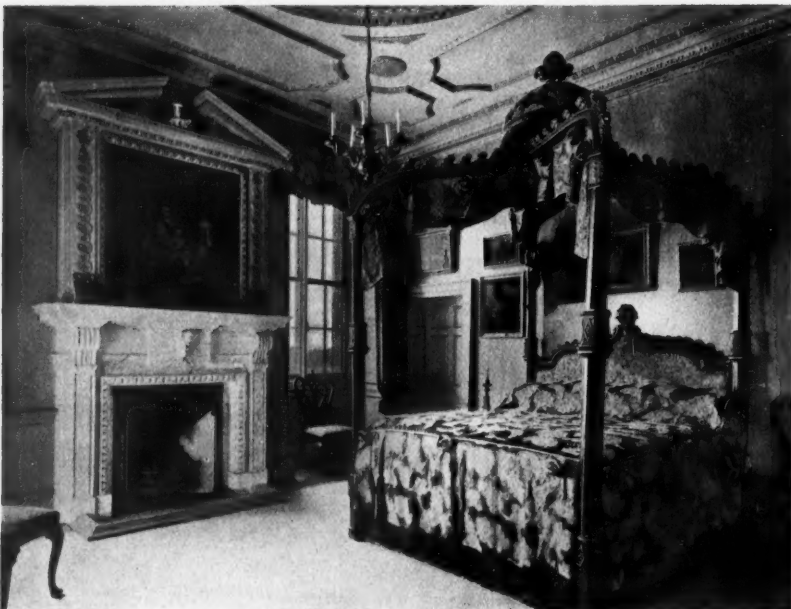
"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

9.—THE BIRDCAGE DRESSING-ROOM.

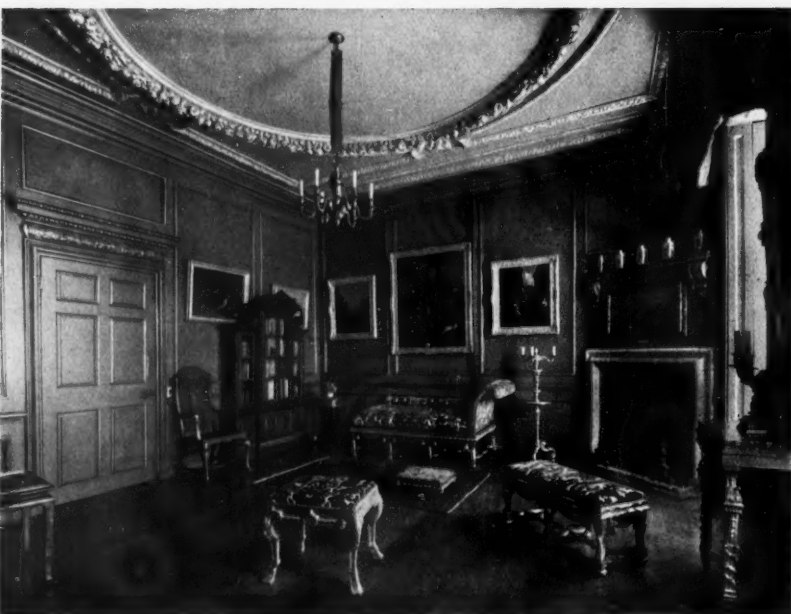
"C.L."



Copyright.

10.—THE TAPESTRY BEDROOM.

"C.L."



Copyright.

11.—LADY ANCASTER'S BOUDOIR.

"C.L."

though, he was appointed to command the force attached to Henry of Navarre; and, though his troops were ragged and barefoot, the rumour of their presence so disconcerted the League that Henry soon found himself before Paris, whence, however, contrary to Willoughby's advice, he withdrew, not being destined to enter it till after six long years of fighting. In the following January Willoughby brought the ragged remnants of the stout Kentish and Sussex levies back to England. From 1590 to 1594 his poverty and ill-health set him leading a "Corydon's Life," on the Continent, till he was given the post he had long desired, the Governorship of Berwick. His administration of it was stern, and provoked many appeals to the Council of the North. But he had throughout the support of the central government, which was practically all he ever did get from it, who had ruined himself bodily and financially in his country's service. He died, aged only forty-seven, in 1601.

Lady Willoughby was the heiress of John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, which family had, from the time of Alberic de Vere, *temp.* Henry I, performed the office of Lord Great Chamberlain to the King. Eventually, Robert Bertie, son of Mary de Vere and Peregrine, established the right of his family to continue that function. At this time, however, after an education much resembling that of the famous George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, in that it gave him a high proficiency in history, mathematics, heraldry, geography, physics, religion and divinity, the new Lord Willoughby was engaged in travel and wars. He was knighted for gallantry in the market-place of Cadiz by Essex, and later captured several rich galleons out of Peru. On succeeding to his father's title, he found himself in reduced circumstances and, therefore, stayed abroad. On his return, in 1610, he settled down at Grimsthorpe, seeking to improve his prospects "by noble traffic, he having learnt at Venice and Florence that merchandise is consistent with nobility." He also took a prominent part in draining the Fens, a subject on which he frequently spoke in Parliament. It was, however, a "rich match," with the heiress of Lord Montague of Boughton, that eventually repaired his estates. From 1624 onwards he was again serving against Spain, in the Low Countries, and under Buckingham at sea, for services at which time he was created Earl of Lindsey, and, on Buckingham's assassination, succeeded him as Admiral of the Fleet. He made a second, unsuccessful, attempt to relieve the Huguenots in La Rochelle from the sea, and continued as principal admiral till the outbreak of the Civil War, when he raised Lincolnshire and Nottingham for the King. He then became Commander-in-Chief, in which capacity he went into action at Edge Hill. Charles, however, relied largely on Prince Rupert, commanding the cavalry, to Lindsey's constant mortification, which culminated when Rupert embarked on his memorable charge "without advising him, and in a form he liked not." Then he cried that if he was not fit to be a general he would at least die a colonel at the head of his regiment. He dismounted, and, pike in hand, led forward his men of Lincolnshire till he was mortally wounded and captured. His three sons immediately set out to recover him. Two were killed, and Montague, the eldest, gave himself up that he might attend on his dying sire.

Lord Lindsey died of his wounds, and Montague succeeded to the earldom, but remained in captivity at Warwick Castle for



Copyright.

12.—LADY ANCASTER'S BEDROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

a year. He was one of the four peers who attended the King's body, on that dismal January day, to its grave at Windsor. Subsequently he resided quietly at Grimsthorpe, till he died at Camden House, Kensington, in plague year. It was either he, or his son Robert, who repaired the ravages of a Roundhead "sack" of Grimsthorpe by building the north front as it is shown in Kip's engravings. One is inclined, though, to suppose that Robert was the builder, immediately on his succession, since he was married to the co-heir of John Massingberd, an East India merchant. Robert, his son, born 1660, filled various appointments under William III and Anne, when Burnet esteemed him "a fine gentleman, hath both wit and learning," though Swift noted: "I never observed a grain of either." However that was, Macky, writing in 1704, remarked he was "handsome in his person, of a fair complexion, and doth not trouble himself with affairs of State; but his brother, Lord Peregrine Bertie, is Vice-Chamberlain and a Privy Councillor; a fine gentleman and hath both wit and learning." Peregrine was, therefore, vicariously honoured when Lord Lindsey, having been one of the Lords Justices during the interregnum following the death of Queen Anne, was, by King George I, created Duke of Ancaster and Kesteven. It was he who commissioned Sir John Vanbrugh, in 1722, to make out designs for a north front, to replace that built by his father some half century previously, but died in 1723 before work was begun. His son, as has been shown, immediately reopened the subject, with such haste, indeed, that we must suppose that the first duke was only led to think about rebuilding by his son. The second duke died in 1742 and lies buried beside his father in Edenham Church beneath a tremendous black and white marble tomb by Scheemachers and Cheere.

Peregrine, the third duke, married, secondly, six years after his accession, a lady famous for her beauty—Mary Panton, daughter of the Master of the King's Running Horses at Newmarket. There is a charming picture of her by Reynolds, and two brilliant ones by the same artist of her father and mother. All three are above his usual level, but those of the old parents quite admirable. It was of Mary Panton that Horace Walpole wrote in 1763:

There are no fewer than five English Duchesses in Paris now:—Ancaster, Richmond, Bridgewater, Hamilton and Douglas. The two last indeed upon an extraordinary lawsuit. . . . This suit is not so strange as the taste of the French, who prefer the Duchess of Ancaster to either the Hamilton or the Richmond.

The third duke died in 1778, and his son, who had gallantly served as aide-de-camp to General Carlton in North America, followed him, unmarried, to the grave in 1779, aged 21; whereupon Brownlow Bertie, brother of the third duke, succeeded to the title, but the barony of Willoughby de Eresby—which passes in the female line—fell into abeyance between his two nieces, till, in the following year, it was revived in



13.—THE CHINESE DRAWING-ROOM. CIRCA 1809.

favour of the elder daughter of the third duke, Priscilla, just married to Lord Gwydir. Her sister, Georgiana, subsequently married the Marquess of Cholmondeley, one of the noblemen entitled to discharge the functions of Lord Great Chamberlain. The two sisters are seen in Peters's portrait in the chimney-piece in Fig. 5. The last Duke of Ancaster died without male issue in 1809, whereupon the dukedom became extinct, but the Earldom of Lindsey reverted to General Albemarle Bertie, a descendant of the second earl.

The great days of Grimsthorpe, therefore, were, for a time, brought to an end in 1778. In 1769 (about) Arthur Younge paid a visit to the Castle and has left some valuable notes of his impressions, which enable us to date some of the alterations which had taken place since we last looked at the house.

The chapel, Younge found, was neat, and the tea room, with a bow window, pretty; the chimney-piece of marble dug out of the park. This "tea room" must be the present Chinese drawing-room (Fig. 13), the other side of the passage to the chapel. This room looks out to the west, and the whole west side of the castle was refaced in the manner of Wyatt early in the nineteenth century; most probably on the succession of Lord Gwydir, after the death of the last duke, in 1809. It is in a Regency *chinoiserie* taste, a little reminiscent of "the famous *petits appartements* of Lord Steyne—one, sir, fitted up all in ivory and white satin, another in ebony and black velvet." Only this has a most cheerful Oriental paper—of trees and fields and birds on a pale blue ground—the inclusion of the (suggested) fields at the bottom being a charming and unusual touch. The woodwork is of black and gold lacquer, the dado worked in frets, the door of lacquered panels, and the surrounds a gorgeous panjandrum of all known ornamental *motifs*: Egyptian, classic, rococo and Chinese; all gold and black. The white marble chimney-piece is the only exception to the colour scheme; porcelain figures stand on the mantelpiece, and some large powder-blue vases are fitted with ormolu mounts as ewers. The coved and coffered ceiling of pale blue, cream and gold, harmonises in colour with the wall-paper and in floridness with the room as a whole. The bay window mentioned by Younge was at the same time given a fan-vaulted roof.

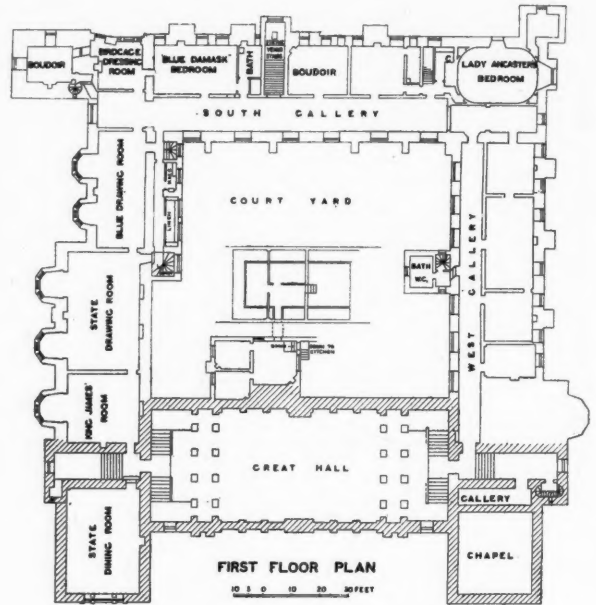
Younge then returned to the east wing. The King James drawing-room was another tea room "richly ornamented with fluted pilasters finely carved and gilt, the ceiling cornices, etc., in a most light and elegant taste, gilt scrolls on a light lead colour," much as it is now. He then went to the present State drawing-room: "Next is the dining-room 40 x 27, with two bay windows, fitted up with gilt ornaments on a blue ground. The ceiling ditto on white in compartments. The festoons of gilt carving among the pictures, &c., is in a light and pleasing taste. The chimney-piece one of the most elegant in England," (then follows a description of it, and a note of several family portraits and of the great Van Dyck). "The next is a bad proportioned room, being much too narrow and low for its height [a cryptic remark], but the fitting up is handsome. Here are

"*Cocles defending the bridge*. His attitude is a very tame one; nor is there any great expression in it.

"*Two Landscapes, in a showy style*, containing each a large trunk of a tree, pretty.

"*A fire at night in a town, fine*." And so on. All the pictures he saw can be identified, though their positions have changed.

These notes are interesting, as the decoration of the last two apartments has altered; this small room only recently. Under the auspices of Messrs. Keeble a number of panels of Soho tapestry, formerly at Normanton, Lord Ancaster's other



PLAN OF GRIMSTHORPE AS IT IS TO-DAY.

home, have been most ingeniously fitted in. The design consists of birds, scrolls and flowers on a dull yellow ground. They were made, c. 1723, for Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Lord Mayor of London, by J. Morris of the Great Wardrobe, Great Queen Street, Soho. A rare and documented survival, though there is another, almost identical, set at Hagley having, presumably, belonged to Sir Thomas Lyttelton, who died in 1751.

A blue damask bedchamber was next visited by Younge, at the east end of the south range; it had landscapes painted in blue and white on its blue wall-paper. "Out of this room you enter the breakfasting closet which is extremely elegant; quite original and very pleasing." [He is going to describe what is now known as the Birdcage Room (Fig. 9), occupying the first floor of the old south-east angle tower]. "It is hung with fine *India* paper, the ceiling in arched compartments, the ribs of which join in the centre in the gilt rays of a sun, the ground is prettily dotted with coloured *India* birds; the window shutters, the doors, and the front of the drawers (let into the wall) all painted in scrolls and festoons of flowers in green, white and gold; the sofa, chairs and stool frames of the same. Upon the whole, it is in real taste."

The traditional ascription of the decoration to Lady Elizabeth Pope, third wife of the third Earl of Lindsey, who died, approximately, in 1700, is as inexplicable as erroneous; curiously enough, a set of very competent pastel copies of family portraits in one of the upper passages is also attributed to this lady. In reality, this very perfect little room—which, as can be seen, has not altered since 1769, or since it was decorated, probably a few years previously—is the work of a very expert craftsman. The genuine Gothic groining has inspired a faint echo in the fan-like spandrels of blue and gold in the ceiling. The woodwork is skilfully painted in *chinoiserie* of the seven-teen-sixties, and the whole is a rare example of a room in which the architectural features were influenced by Oriental wall hangings.

A gallery looking into the courtyard, the mullioned windows of which are a restoration, runs along the back of the south range, and harbours a large number of pictures. In this wing are situated Lady Ancaster's boudoir (Fig. 11) and bedroom (Fig. 12), elaborate examples of modern period decoration, the former containing some admirable little pictures, notably Hogarth's original paintings of "Evening" and



14.—ROBINSON CRUSOE'S INKSTAND AND SAND-DREDGER.

"Noon," familiar in prints and glass pictures. A remarkable canvas is Charles I by Old Stone, in low brown tones. The bedroom has silvery-brown walls and the bed is hung in old mauve brocade; the furniture, silver-gessoed. The Louis XV baroque chimneypiece is of *verde antico* marble.

Another, original, bedroom—called the tapestry room (Fig. 10) after its Brussels hangings—contains a very fine chimneypiece too, with a Titian copy, and a remarkable Gothic bed, dating from the late eighteenth century. Valances, counterpane and tester are covered with extremely interesting rose point lace which is said to have originally belonged to Anne of Denmark, Queen of James I. Originally on a green silk ground, it has been re-applied to brown silk. Very good, too, is the chair, of Mainwaring-like Chinese design, seen in the same picture.

The corridors and galleries are hung some with ancestors of all sizes and ages, from Holbein period to Victorian times. One is exclusively devoted to fighting cocks; another to portraits of racehorses bred or owned by members of the family. Some are by Stubbs—e.g., "Speculation"—or Wootton and less known artists. A small dining-room on the west side, decorated in pale blue and gold, contains a rare oil picture by Cosway; and the children of the third duke—to whom the various honours of Willoughby eventually descended—by Reynolds. A plumbago drawing of Downman's shows Priscilla (Lady Gwydir) and Charlotte (Marchioness of Cholmondeley).

In the smoking-room are two objects which, even after so many rare and beautiful things, are yet able to stimulate the

dazed visitor. They are a pair of silvery sand-dredgers and inkstands combined, hexagonal, on dragon feet, chased with Persian designs, and bearing on their base an inscription which must set every true British heart a-bounding. Everyone knows the story of the mariner who, after describing a frightful wreck, produced, as proof of his veracity, a matchbox, with the impressive words, "And here is the matchbox that Captain Thingumy gave to me." These sand-dredgers even more conclusively prove the truth of "Robinson Crusoe." The inscription is as follows:

This inkholder and sand holder belonged to the Sophy of Persia's daughter, who, on her way to be married to the Great Mogul was taken prisoner by Aviry the Pirate, in whose ship Alexander Selkirk was, who from Aviry got the two above pieces. This Alexander Selkirk was born in Largo in Fife, commonly known as Robinson Crusoe. To Largo the place of his nativity he returned after all his wonderful adventures and a little before his death he sent this ink and sand holder to Robert Lundin of that ilk.

This heirloom came into the family through the Drummonds, one of whom married a Lundin.

It would require a volume of no mean size to contain adequate notices of the multiple treasures of Grimsthorpe. Here we have roughly indicated some of them and have briefly sketched the lives of a few of the great men who have lived here. In this we have been very really assisted by Lord Ancaster's courtesy and knowledge of his beautiful home. In conclusion, a word must be said of the success with which Lady Ancaster has re-arranged the splendid furniture. Grimsthorpe has been greatly altered by her good taste. CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

GREAT VICTORIANS IN ANECDOTE*

THERE are two very different methods of depicting the Victorian Era. More familiar is that of the young Edwardian or Georgian writer who finds material in books and other documents. Of this method the most brilliant exponent is Mr. Lytton Strachey. The alternative is to look through the actual eyes of a writer such as Mr. Moreton Frewen, who is himself a Victorian and who has warmed both hands at the fire of life and takes the era with great gulps of enjoyment. The two types of witness contradict one another in a manner as amusing as it is extraordinary. *Place aux dames!* What were the Victorian ladies like? The man who has formed his impression from books represents them on the diminutive side. We are constantly assured that the twentieth century woman, owing to a girlhood largely devoted to golf, tennis, hockey and lacrosse, is becoming a well thewed giantess, big-boned, and, it is darkly hinted, a little coarse. We do not mean anything so ungallant as that she is coarse in mind, or anything like that, but, exposing herself very freely to wind, sun and rain, her complexion is a ruddy brown and she has lost the charm of white hands. Mr. Moreton Frewen, who is not in the slightest degree controversial, but writes of what he has seen, remembers the beauties of the Victorian Era for what do you think, O reader? Their "Amazonian proportions!" He moralises with great contentment on this feature:

The kindness of Providence, which stamped such women with beauty and thus permitted them to go exultant along the world's ways, always submitted itself to me as amongst the gracious harmonies in Nature. For had it been otherwise what a grievous burden life would have been, and how the size standard thus set would have compromised in place of enriching our social furnishment.

He does not make the statement without substantiating it. Here is a list, and his comment on it, which should dispel for ever the illusion that our grandmothers were tiny, crinolined, slender and short:

Georgina Lady Dudley and Lady Brownlow, Lady Ripon, Miss Drummond, the Duchesses of Leinster, Portland and Sutherland, Lady Maud Warrender, Mrs. Moncrieffe, Lady Adelaide Talbot, Lady Gladys Herbert, Miss Antrobus, Lady Hermione Graham, Miss Dallas Yorke, Lady Millicent Erskine, Lady Maud Ashley, Lady Londesborough, Lady Powis, Lady Cromer—all dames built on really heroic lines and by a kind Providence, as I say, divinely favoured. I remember standing at the head of the fine staircase at the Russian Embassy and seeing Lady Feversham's three elder daughters come up together and all gowned alike. *Vera incessu patet (sic) dea!*

No wonder that Henri de Breteuil was led to remark, "My friend, make the most of it, for you cannot match that for a *coup d'œil*, not if you search all the capitals of Europe"; to which Mr. Frewen exclaims, "the Providence of it that these immense organisms, made beyond question in His own image, had the stamp of the Divine approval." From which we infer that Miss Leitch and Miss Wethered would not have been outstanding

figures in that galley. Further, it is clear that the Victorians, as Mr. Frewen knew them, absolutely worshipped beauty. The tone in which he writes of Mrs. Langtry is one of rapt adoration. He first heard of her in the summer of 1874, when Frank Miles, "who was drawing delightfully in a weekly paper called *Life*, began to whisper to his friends that a lady, lovely beyond words, might be observed in his studio." That chief among connoisseurs, Lord Rosslyn, found her out and confirmed the report that her beauty was, indeed, peerless. The next step on the part of Mr. Miles was to ask eight or ten competent critics to meet her at dinner in Upper Grosvenor Street. When she arrived in the hall the host was there to meet her, to whom she said, "Alas! I have such a cold I can hardly see." Mr. Miles was not the sort of admirer who would let her be trotted out with a cold in her head. "My dear," he said, "go home and turn the corner of your cold. I would not for all the world show that face with a doubtful nose and red eyes." And so, says the chronicle, "With inimitable manner he armed her to the carriage of one of his arriving friends and sent her hungry away." It appeared, however, that Allen Young and Suffield had discovered her beauty two years earlier than that, when she was "a child, her hair rippling to her waist on Jersey's sands. Thus these two became more than ever men of mark."

The next step was Lady Dudley's ball in Park Lane to which the "Jersey Lily" was invited. Lord Dudley's habit was to receive at the head of the staircase, but when Mrs. Langtry arrived, he descended to the hall, led her up the staircase and presented her to an incomparable hostess. Mr. Moreton Frewen had been in Norway fishing while this was going on. In due time he was introduced to her, with her physical perfection, charming voice, "unsatisfied curiosity" as to the great world opening out, and strange, rather Manichean views as to our spiritual state and what was expected of us." At a later date he was often privileged to take tea with her in a pretty house in Norfolk Street.

Another famous Victorian lady quickly brought on the scene is Ouida, to whom he was introduced by Edmund Yates. Mr. Moreton Frewen had read most of her books and found that they were not in the least absurd in the eyes of a young fellow in his early twenties. He received many letters later on in Ouida's "very beautiful and distinguished hand, about ten words to a page, the ink pale purple." He gives a very pleasant account of a dinner party of four—Ida Lady Dalhousie, Ouida, Oscar Wilde and himself. Wilde drew Ouida out with great dexterity:

"What is it," he said, "that your books stand for? What is their keynote?" "The protest," said Ouida, "against the absurdity of the marriage obligation," and she proceeded to denounce it and to mirror the modern State as it would be if based on the principles of selection and affinity. "Dull dukes," said she, and mentioned one or two, "demand an unnatural fidelity so that they may hand on vast estates

to their own sons. I admit that it has not been altogether to obliterate in your aristocracy the beauty of such an imperial breed, but beauty—the beauty that our world of to-day so passionately demands—is very rare, whereas given free selection it should be universal and pervasive. Look at the daughters of Lady X.; incomparably more delightful are these as they move amongst our flower-beds than all the Vandykes Lord Cowper immures in his dining-room at Panshanger."

Mr. Frewen put in some allusion to the Home as likely to go under if marriages were abolished, but she had her answer ready:

"Man," she said, "in your present 'calico millennium,' wastes these golden moments on the dull scrutiny of his house books—that time which he should splendidly devote to the service of the State."

The Victorian Era was not only one of god-like beauty in women, but also of people who called themselves "souls." Mr. Frewen only gives a peep at them and a ribald story about the late Lord Playfair:

I was sitting next him when this strange "soul" meeting was at its height, and being much concerned in fish cultural studies, and there being a momentary pause in the conversation, the little man of science was heard to say, "The ova shed by soles is deciduous and it is the action of the tide which orders the period of incubation." A luckless interpolation! "Do souls then have ovaries?" said the reckless captain in the "Blues."

The men of the period matched the women splendidly. Perhaps the best anecdote told of them is that of the two captains. Mr. Frewen was arranging for the entertainment of a large party in Dublin, at Maple's Hotel, for Punchestown Races, but when he arrived a night in advance of his friends, he found trouble brewing. Some of the names on his list had upset Frederic Maple, who said: "Sir, my house is proud of you; there is nothing I won't do to oblige you, but to have those two captains here at the same time and table—that is just tempting Providence. Everyone this end of Kildare Street will require police protection." In vain was all argument; the landlord assured him that his head waiter, to whom he was much attached, would desert at once. "'Why only last year the Captain'—it was the 'Chicken' captain, but it might as well have been the other—'threw him out of the window and he went to hospital.'" As a last resource Mr. Frewen called up this waiter, Jimmy, who luckily stood his friend. "Begorra he did, but I'll chanst him; he gave me ten pound anyhow."

He passes a high eulogy on the Beresfords. He saw all Waterford and Kilkenny collect for a great match, a hundred a side, between Lords Charley, Marcus and Bill. A fine race landed Bill the winner by a neck.

After Ireland, Scotland. His best stories are told about Lord Rosslyn when he was High Commissioner.

At Holyrood a part of the High Commissioner's functions is to entertain the bishops on the Friday. They all appeared at the levee except the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, who sent his dean to represent him, a functionary that Rosslyn described as a "ridiculous and pawky person." His apology for the Bishop's absence was a noteworthy one. He said, "My Lord High Commissioner, my Lord Bishop is unable to attend; he is ill, indeed he is abed with 'housemaid's knee.'" The

Lord High Commissioner put his inevitable glass in his eye and said, "Mr. Dean, that is the strangest excuse that I have yet encountered. Pray what has your Lord Bishop done with the young person's other organs?" It started a scandal in the Scottish Church which survives to this day.

There is a great deal in the book besides these pictures of England in the Victorian Era, but we have little space to deal even with such exciting chapters as "Stampeding Buffaloes used as a Snow-Plough," and must be content to end these notes with the following very clever appreciation of our cousins across the Atlantic:

When I am in the Great United States I want to move about amongst its people and laugh at them. I yearn to pull legs. I want them without resenting it to let me regard them as children—not yet half through the schools—children who play with all the fire-crackers of a vast continent; who are strangely irresponsible in their ways. Orators, yes! Artists, yes! Philosophers, yes! but amazing young; so young the world will not as yet take them seriously. It is an America to laugh at and to laugh with.

* *Melton Mowbray and Other Memories*, by Moreton Frewen. (Herbert Jenkins, 16s. net.) P. A. G.

Shelley: A Drama in Five Acts, by John W. Klein. (The C. W. Daniel Company, 6s.)

THIS is the twenty-fourth play of the "People's Theatre" Series. It contains over 270 pages, and, to be played in a single night, it will have to be reduced by half. It is excitingly and interestingly written, but Shelley is represented as a far more violent person than is coincident with popular conception. Indeed, several of the characters clothe their speech with a super-abundance of violence and trespass upon one another's personality. They talk rather too much alike; they frequently use phrases and sentences in the same way, which means that, generally speaking, the play is lacking in light and shade and sharp contrasts. The author seems to be only in partial sympathy with Shelley, the central figure; and as we read on we begin to suspect that there is no hero, a technical difficulty in successful staging. Harriet Westbrook, Shelley's first wife, is represented as a very much wronged woman; all our sympathies go to her (though we are irritated at her blind confidence in her bad sister), and she becomes the scapegoat of everybody else's malice, plotting or folly. This does not seem to be quite in accordance with the actual facts. Was there not some sin, some real wrong in the actions of Harriet? Mary Godwin, Shelley's second wife, strikes one as a particularly odious woman. Shelley, surely, was not so blind in his estimate of people's inner nature; and though this does not affect the play as a work of art, it detracts from its biographical interest. Shelley himself, who is always very volcanic, certainly possesses a soaring and radiant mentality, but one also that is a strange mixture of blindness, prejudice and suspicion. He is unable to cope successfully with knavery, trusting where he ought to be suspicious, suspicious where he ought to have confidence. The chief blame for the final catastrophe lies at the door of Harriet's sister Eliza, and this, probably, is quite in keeping with the actual facts. The last act (three scenes) seems to be very good indeed. The characters become more sharply individual, and the whole development of the act is moving and convincing. Indeed, this finale may prove to be very effective on the stage. The duration of time of the play is from 1811 to 1817, six years, from the time of Shelley's courtship of Harriet to the period of her suicide. This period is fairly well covered, and the play should, in spite of certain faults, prove a valuable addition to Shelley literature. It is stimulating, and will reawaken a reader's flagging interest in the poet. H. E. P.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

STOCK FARMING ON ARABLE LAND.

IT is becoming well understood that hope for the British farmer lies in his ability to follow the example of the rest of Europe and use the plough for sowing and planting food-plants for his stock. A certain proportion of farmers are letting their land go back from arable to very poor pasturage, just as they did after the long depression at the end of last century; but the more enlightened are having recourse to the system of utilising the arable land for food. If it were possible, the others should be prevented from going on in the old bad way, as they are only impoverishing themselves and the country. From 1875 onwards two and a quarter million acres went out of cultivation and the rural population fell by 21 per cent. We do not wish to have a repetition of that disgraceful state of affairs in the new era. The farmer, instead of buying so much food from abroad, must get it from his own fields. During about two and a half months of the year he can feed stock on grass, and produce the most delicious milk and the best meat thereby; but for the long nine and a half months, when fresh grass is not available, he should have at his disposal the results of ploughing and planting. He can grow a variety of greenstuff that is better than grass for the cows, and the choice is before him of a large variety of roots. It only wants a little prudent calculation to enable him to have a succession of food that will cover the whole year. Were he to do this, certain definite results would surely follow. First, he would be able to feed far more cattle, and a larger dairy herd means more for the butcher, too.

HOME-GROWN AND FOREIGN FOODSTUFFS.

At the moment, perhaps, he is too short-sighted to see how he would advantage himself in this way, but if he thinks a little, it will become quite clear. He would have a good deal more milk before he was over-supplied, provided that it was not produced in spasms, but regularly; he could sell this milk at a profit much cheaper than he is selling milk just now, and it would be a gain not only to himself but an advantage to his poor customers. Then, he would not need to pay such a

heavy bill for artificial foodstuffs from abroad. He would have an overplus of milk with which to make butter, and it would be more cheaply produced the greater the scale on which it was made, so that we might look forward not only to providing milk for all families that need it in this country, but enough over for the creameries and butter factories. The land would become much more fertile, simply because the vastly increased number of animals would give a great deal more manure, and the land would improve in consequence. This is the case for arable work in connection with stock. It has received the sanction of prominent members of each of the three political parties.

HOW TO POPULARISE THE POLICY.

Many politicians have come round to the belief that this is the bedrock on which agricultural prosperity must be built in the future. The difficulty with them is how to translate practical advice into a settled policy. In the cases where the plan has been adopted, success has resulted not from legislative help but from management by an individual. It is a very difficult task for any Government to do more than encourage those who have the spirit of enterprise in them. A simple way to help is that of assisting them with capital at a low rate of interest. Possibly it might have a good effect if a standard could be enforced—that is to say, a farmer who persisted in clinging to the old ways should be induced by persuasion, if possible, but by other means, if necessary, to make a change, unless the results he shows are as good as those shown by the younger school.

THE TAMWORTH PIG.

The prices realised at the sale of Mr. R. Ibbotson's herd of Tamworth pigs cannot fail to give a new impulse to the favour to which this breed is attaining. Major J. A. Morrison gave the top price for the three year old sow that was champion at last year's Show of the Royal Agricultural Society. The price was 200 guineas, the average for

fifty-nine head being the highly satisfactory one of £30 6s. The Tamworth has been very greatly improved of recent years, but it still retains the colour and shape which befit its origin as being, if not the oldest, one of the oldest types of pig in Great Britain. It seems to have inherited from far distant ancestors a particular liking for the open air, and, at any rate, it does well under that system of pig-keeping. The Tamworth has an interesting past, and it promises to realise an equally interesting future.

NON-PEDIGREE DAIRY SHORTHORNS.

The sale of the entire herd of recorded Dairy Shorthorns belonging to Mr. T. P. Hutchings, shows the great advantage of keeping records. The average price realised for forty-two cows and heifers was £54 6s. 6d. It would probably have been from £15 to £20 less but for the fact that the milking capacity of each animal was certified. It is a fact such as this which gives force to the advice to the dairy farmer that he should keep accurate milk records.

FRUIT BLOSSOM IN KENT

AS April approaches, Kentish folk begin to look anxiously at their fruit trees. The swelling buds give us the first reply to our winter-long question: what will the fruit crop be? Those wise in fruit lore will point out that a sunless summer means a poor crop the following year. Against this is urged the fact that no tree is more likely to crop than that which has had a year's rest. In both there is sound reason, and the abundant promise of pear blossom now showing is a proof. But while we welcome all hopeful signs, a long schooling in Nature's ways leads to a canny habit of awaiting the hatching of our chickens. "You can't never count on cherries till you've got 'em in the basket," says our village wiseacre, and truth is with him. Often have we seen a generous crop ruined in a few days by an untimely rain.

It is interesting to notice that the geographical distribution of cherry orchards in the county is mainly governed by rainfall. Our driest districts are the north and eastern parts, the western rains having met the South Downs, the limestone scarp and, finally, the North Downs, the "backbone of Kent," before coming to the favoured cherry districts, which stretch between Sittingbourne and Canterbury. The deep brick earth which lies along the Thames basin is, of course, another factor; but this, plus a heavy rainfall, would be an unprofitable cherry country.

Kent in the season of fruit blossom is an enchanted land, and, since it lies so close to London, it is remarkable how few town dwellers pay us a visit in April and early May. The ceremonial visit to the cherries in Japan is well known, and we think that in Kent we offer a like feast for lovers of beauty. We do not doubt that the love of flowers and trees is as firmly rooted in the English nature as in the Japanese.

The first movement in our floral symphony is the plum blossom, lightness and daintiness personified, a smiling arrival. The slight feathery growth of the plum and the pure white blossom give a fairy-like character absent from its more sturdy-growing companions. Seen against the dark clouds which often

roll up and quickly pass in the rain-washed April air, a picture of spring typically English is realised.

The second movement is played by the pear, but in a totally different mood. The blossom is white, but larger and more solid, the trees less branched and usually larger; majestic indeed is a fine tree of, perhaps, fifty feet shining in its wedding apparel.

Following closely, and indeed often overlapping, come the cherries "wearing white for Eastertide," but wearing it with a difference. The longer and lax stems of the flowers make the cherry the most beautiful of the white-flowered fruit trees, and the soft brown of the young leaves forms an effective contrast. On congenial soils cherries make trees of great size, often reaching some fifty feet and more; sometimes, indeed, outranging any practical ladders. Great variation, too, is seen in the habit of the trees. Such varieties as the almost wild Caroone make tall spiring trees of great size, while more cultivated varieties, such as Waterloo and Early Amber, seldom reach half this height, the last making a fine umbrella-shaped head, which makes it ideal as a shade tree for a lawn.

Our final movement has more colour and no less majesty, as it introduces the apple with its elusive shades of pink, apt to be seen against a blue sky, and for preference in an old orchard of gnarled and distorted trees, of which there are still a few in Kent. For apples let us, therefore, avoid the orchard of the successful commercial grower, on the brick earth or limestone soils as a rule, and pass through to the poorer clays of the Weald, where venerable trees may still be found, all worthy to be cursed as fruit producers, but to the artistic eye a cause of thankfulness and joy.

For those who contemplate a visit to Kent for the fruit blossom a short itinerary may be of service. If London is left through the Old Kent Road to Rochester, the Dover road should be followed to Canterbury, which will take the visitor through the heart of the cherry country and follow the route taken by Cobbett nearly a century ago. "This," said he, "is a country



C. Leeston-Smith.

BLOSSOM IN A WELL-KEPT, WELL-PLANTED ORCHARD.

Copyright.



IN THEIR SPRINGTIDE BEAUTY.

of Hop Gardens, Cherry, Apple, Pear and Filbert orchards and quickset hedges. But alas! what in point of beauty is a country without woods and lofty trees?" Cobbett did not quite forgive the fruit growers their dependence in the "Great Wen," nor the swarms of "West Indians, Nabobs, commissioners" who selected Kent for their final residence. It was too tidy and well kept. "I, a million times to one, prefer, as a spot to live on, the heaths, the miry coppices, the wild woods and the Forests of Sussex and Hampshire." And nowadays many "Nabobs" think in like manner, and Kent increases her orchards each year.

A few miles before Canterbury is reached the visitor will find the road mounting a steep hill. There a halt should be made for a retrospective view. Below, stretches out a landscape such as our grandfathers loved. No miry coppices or heaths, but a cultivated country swept and tended, and yet, from its spreading orchards, restful and well wooded, and in the distance a silver line denotes the Thames, which fathered the prosperity of this pleasant land. From Canterbury the Wye Valley through Chilham, that perfect village, should be taken, and still the cherry orchards predominate. At Ashford the road to Maidstone passes under the chalk scarp, where Chaucer and his pilgrims sought a dry and free road to the shrine of Canterbury. On leaving Maidstone the Tonbridge road passes through the Medway Valley, "the finest seven miles I have ever seen," says Cobbett.

The road running fairly high on the north side of the valley gives fine tree-top views. From Tonbridge the homeward route can be *via* Sevenoaks and Farnborough.

It hardly needs saying that this is but a skeleton route, and all good motorists know that the side roads must be taken occasionally to get the real country; the village green on the main road is now probably a garage. The best of these secluded spots one always finds for oneself, but it may be suggested that when at Maidstone a visit to Boughton Monchelsea Church, a few miles away, will introduce the traveller to one of the finest views in England, so at least do Kentish folk decide.

Having viewed the fruit blossom *en gros*, it may be well to make a note or two *en detail*. All fruits do not have equally fine blossom; some, indeed, have small narrow petals that are far from decorative. In the apples, as a general rule, the sweeter the fruit the less attractive the flower. The large green cooking sorts, such as Lord Derby, Bramley's Seedling and the like, have the finest and best coloured flowers. In pears, too, the cooking varieties stand out, Catillac, for example, having most beautiful cupped flowers of great size. In cherries also there are differences of size, and for floral effect Governor Wood stands out as one of the finest in this respect.

Once again one may plead the cause of fruit trees for park planting. The fruit will probably delight the birds; no matter, of their springtide beauty no one can rob us. E. A. BUNYARD.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS CHAMPIONSHIP FOR SMALL-BORE RIFLE SHOOTING

RESULTS OF "COUNTRY LIFE" COMPETITION.

IN last year's report of this competition a hope was expressed that the number of entries on the next occasion would top the hundred, but although things looked promising when the total was nearing its limit, we still find ourselves only one up on the bumper result of 1923. Having regard to the schools which already take part in the competition, any great increase is out of the question, the most hopeful prospect lying in the direction of more entries from second teams. Judging by some of the letters received, conditions this season have not been particularly favourable. Several schools which had actually delivered their entry forms were prevented by illness from actual participation. Glenalmond and Worcester were defeated by weather on the only available day. Bridlington was obliged to withdraw owing to the non-arrival of new rifles to replace worn-out specimens which had been returned to Ordnance so long ago as last November, while City of London just received theirs in time, though without the opportunity to gain familiarity with them in practice. Accepting these and other handicaps as having been exceptionally rife this year, a total of ninety-four entries against ninety-five a twelvemonth ago supplies evidence of the vitality and usefulness of our competition. It crystallises into definite purpose the small-bore practice which is carried on during the winter term by way of preparation

for outdoor work during the next session. Incidentally, it supplies an agreed set of conditions for the truly immense number of inter-school correspondence matches which proceed continuously.

The Royal Grammar School, Guildford, has won the cup this year with a total of 942 points. Last year, as we recall, they were seventeenth on the list, but dropped such a lot of points on the Landscape target as to mask their true form. This time they did exceptionally well in that regard, scoring 335 out of a possible 360. What this means may be realised by glancing at the still better performance made by Marlborough's second team on the same target. The objectives are the dotted circles, and these can be seen only by the fire director with the aid of glasses. By word of mouth he describes to a pair of shooters one of the so-defined positions of the lurking enemy, and each fires three shots at the objective so located. Two more boys go through the same process with regard to one of the other circles, and so on till all the eight have delivered their rounds. To comprehend the order and to fire the shots, all within the time limit of two minutes allowed, is a fine individual piece of work, but to train a team so that all its members respond equally to the stimulus reflects a separate measure of credit on those responsible for the instruction. In so difficult a test

there must be many who from sheer bad luck fall by the way-side, but recognising that fact we have done all possible to minimise any undue risk. Our latest design of target is one which possesses good visibility conditions at the 25yds. distance, while the objectives selected for use in the competition offer a genuine aiming mark, besides being practical from a military standpoint. Taking account of the absence of a definite bull the circles are of liberal size, and, finally, we have deleted the premium which was formerly awarded if all the shots were within the circle. This lowers the highest possible score by 80 points, but on the whole works towards more even rewarding of merit.

That Charterhouse, after winning the cup for four years in succession, should pass to second place is a break with tradition which only serves to accentuate the wonderfully high standard this school appears to reach as a habit. In the Grouping series they made one out of the two highest possibles awarded, which is to say that all the team got all their shots into the rin. circle. In the Rapid they scored 375 out of a possible 400, Wrekin getting 363, Brighton College 359 and so on, a glance down the list supplying other noteworthy comparisons. The conditions are, perhaps, the severest that the small-bore rifle can offer. Ten aimed shots in a minute from a single-loader action represent a hustle and hurry which must be witnessed in order that the marvel that aiming can be done in the available time may be properly appreciated. To combine the necessary haste with calmness during the mere second, which is all that can be spared for aiming, bespeaks a very high efficiency, and every school Shooting VIII must develop the faculty. By comparison, the Snap target is easy, for it is three seconds up and five seconds down, the last named time allowance for loading permitting the rifle to be aligned all ready when the target reappears. In the Rapid the *quantum* per shot is but six seconds, with always the preoccupation of being behind the scheduled programme. In the Snap series Charterhouse made a score of 185 out of a possible 200, this being equalled by the winners and several others, and it was beaten by Brighton, Radley and Marlborough. Thus Charterhouse was 33 up on the first three series, but 35 down on the Landscape, hence Guildford's leap to the proud position by a narrow margin.

Brighton College, with third place, is only one point behind Charterhouse, their score of 939 being remarkable in view of the poor showing made in the Grouping test, which merely ordains that five shots shall be located in a rin. circle, not necessarily the bull and without restriction as to time. These mis-adventures never need rubbing in, for the victim is always painfully conscious not only of the fact but of its explanation as well. Radley, with fourth place, has all through the season been a more than possible winner. They did consistently well throughout, but evidently just missed the little spice of extra-special which would have carried them through. Marlborough evidently had a first-class and evenly trained team; but, like Brighton, failed to settle down in the Grouping test and hit some bad luck in the Landscape. Repton made a good even

performance in all the series and were within nothing of making an extra forty points. Wrekin did well all through, especially in the Rapid, which is the acid test of a first-rate team. Eton's total, while good, would have been better still but for difficulties encountered by two members of the team. Charterhouse II, with ninth place on the list, wins the special award of medals to the second team gaining highest position. The total is good and individual scoring very even. Ardingly, a very keen shooting school, shows its quality in the target portion of the programme, but, as may easily happen, lost ground in the Landscape. Marlborough's second team, like that of Charterhouse, put up a very even performance among its members, while enjoying the satisfaction of making the best Landscape target in the match, in a word, the one reproduced at the foot of this page. Oundle had evidently a very useful team, though they slipped a bit in the Landscape. Cranleigh's quality is still more strikingly represented in the Rapid series, while St. Bees did even work throughout. Rugby shows lots of strength and clearly might be anywhere on the list. Whitgift is a strong shooting school, and when it can train a sufficient number of boys to the requisite standard will rise to a high place; its Landscape effort is noteworthy. King's College School, Wimbledon, suffers as Whitgift does from the difficulties special to a day school, but, like many others on the list, may also lose points through inability to master the niceties of barrel maintenance in superfine condition. Denstone has a noticeably low score on the Landscape, therefore, having regard to its position on the list, did splendidly in the items where hard work compels the good result. To St. Paul's, yet another day school, the same remark applies with even greater cogency. Bradford did well throughout, but just missed brilliancy. Edinburgh Academy slipped a little on the Snap, but made good on the Landscape. Lancing stands out as sharing with Charterhouse the only two possibles in the grouping. Rossall first team did evenly, while Beaumont and Trent pulled up with good Landscape results. Winchester did well in everything except what seems to be the *pons asinorum*, though the simile is not quite apposite. Durham suffered no special mishaps and earned what is still a good place in the list. Mill Hill has pleasantly improved on last year's forty-seventh place, while Dover has slipped back through Landscape mishaps. Malvern has pulled up thirteen places, but was twentieth two years ago. Merchiston, like the last named, made a score of 800 and so must conclude special mentions. The accompanying table summarises the various bests.

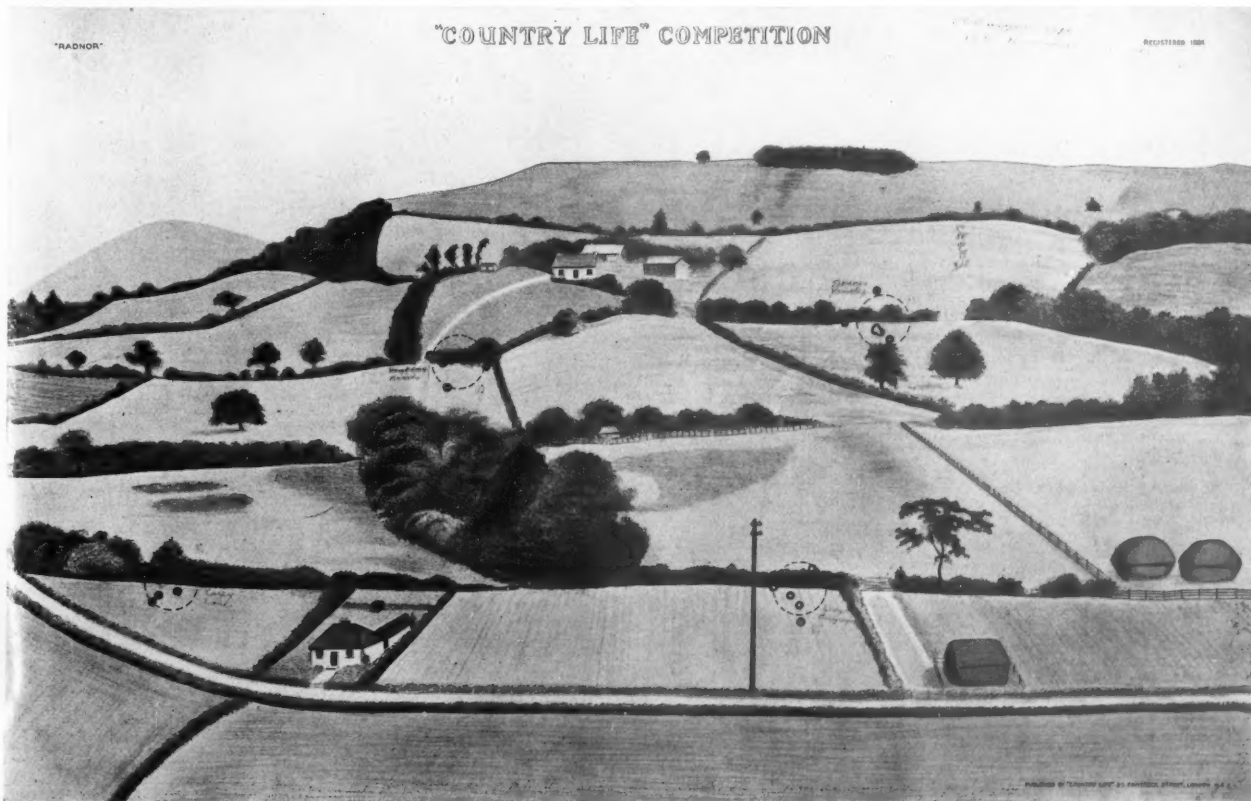
CLASS "A" SCHOOLS.

GROUPING.

CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL, 1st team	80
LANSING COLLEGE	80
ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GUILDFORD (Winners) ..	75
REPTON	75
ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, WEST KENSINGTON	75

RAPID.

CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL, 1st team	375
WREKIN COLLEGE	363
BRIGHTON COLLEGE	359

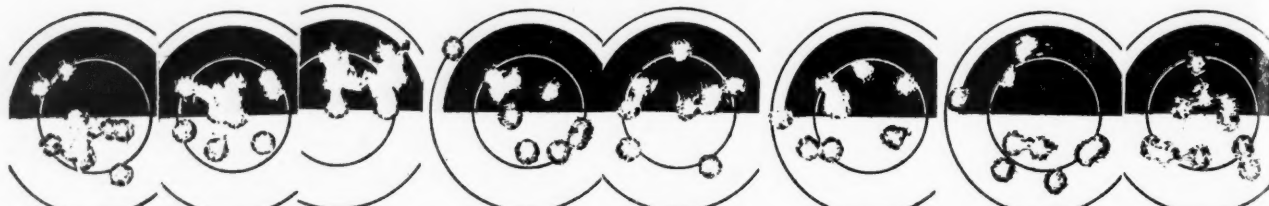


THIS YEAR'S LANDSCAPE TARGET WITH SHOTS FIRED BY MARLBOROUGH SECOND TEAM



From left to right: W. B. Bryan (*Oundle*), R. R. Penney (*Repton*), Ormerod (*Dover I*), F. W. O. Street-Porter (*St. Lawrence*), R. E. H. Cookson (*St. Bees*), D. Auld (*George Heriot's*), J. B. Swinney (*West Buckland*), G. W. A. Rodger (*St. Bees*), A. G. Store (*Mill Hill*), R. A. Hull (*Charterhouse II*), S. O. Osborne (*Ardingly*), C. W. Blackett (*Eton*).

GROUPING (FIVE SHOTS).



G. N. Holtby. W. B. Bryan. R. D. Latchford. — Waller. N. R. M. Skene. S. H. Owen. H. N. Garrus. W. F. C. Holman.
Trent. Oundle. Wrekin. Dover I. Brighton. Ardingly. Marlborough I. Charterhouse I.

RAPID (TEN SHOTS).



J. C. Richardson. A. D. Harrison. F. Hahn. F. O. Tosswill. H. C. Torbock. N. R. M. Skene. G. N. Holtby. R. D. Latchford. G. A. Watters. A. S. Hamilton.
Radley. St. Lawrence. Beaumont. Royal Grammar School, Guildford. Eton. Brighton. Trent. Wrekin. St. Bees. Workshop.

SNAP SHOOTING.

CLASS "A" SCHOOLS

SNAP SHOOTING.	
BRIGHTON COLLEGE	195
MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, 1st team	195
RADLEY COLLEGE	190
DENSTONE COLLEGE	190
LANDSCAPE.	
MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, 2nd team	345
ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GUILDFORD (Winners)	335
WHITGIFT SCHOOL	335

Below the 800 level of scoring are all sorts of explanations, the chief one, as might be assumed from observations made on the occasion of personal visits to schools, being that of rifles. There is not a bit of doubt that the picked eight out of any school on the list shoot immeasurably better than the rifles with which three-quarters of their number must be content. Anyhow, more errors were always apparent in the rifles than in the way the boys did their part of the task. Renewals should be more frequent, the number available should be increased so that a selected proportion could be reserved for matches, and, finally, the duty of preserving them in fine condition should be better explained and more rigorously carried out. The ammunition, also, is highly suspicious, for it develops in the bore a most mysterious succession of waves of erosion, these diagnosing gross defects in the constitution of the powder. We hear of all sorts of research departments in the Royal Arsenal and elsewhere, but the rule *de minimis non curat lex* seems to debar attention to what are regarded as trifles. Yet O.T.C. means Officers Training Corps, and the officer of the future should learn when young that a well held rifle speeds the bullet on its appointed course, not somewhere else.

The Class B section of our competition, which has its special cup, drew twenty-six entries on the present occasion, one fewer than previously. It is limited to schools having fewer than three platoons, and is now won by Monkton Combe School, who have not entered since 1921. Their total of 903 would place them fifth on the other list, hence they have done very well. Sutton Valence, always high up, is second; and West Buckland, twice winners in the past, third. Solihull is fourth, Giggleswick, who won in 1918, fifth, and George Heriot's School sixth. Allhallows at seventh have pulled up finely from last year's twenty-sixth place, though the R.G.S. of Lancaster have not come near their winning total of a year ago. The table of best scores supplies further comparisons.

CLASS "B" SCHOOLS

GROUPING.	
MONKTON COMBE SCHOOL (Winners)	65
WEST BUCKLAND SCHOOL	60
GIGGLESWICK SCHOOL	60
OAKHAM SCHOOL	60
RAPID.	
MONKTON COMBE SCHOOL (Winners)	338
GIGGLESWICK SCHOOL	332
WEST BUCKLAND SCHOOL	328
SNAP SHOOTING.	
MONKTON COMBE SCHOOL (Winners)	185
SUTTON VALENCE SCHOOL	180
WEST BUCKLAND SCHOOL	170
R.G.S., LANCASTER	170
LANDSCAPE.	
MONKTON COMBE SCHOOL (Winners)	315
SUTTON VALENCE SCHOOL	305
SOLIHULL SCHOOL	305

The full scores in the two matches are as follows:

CLASS "A" CUP.

(Schools with three platoons or over.)

	Group- ing.	Rapid.	Snap- Shooting.	Land- scape.	Total.
1 ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GUILDFORD	75	347	185	335	942
2 CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL, 1st team	80	375	185	300	940
3 BRIGHTON COLLEGE	55	359	195	330	939
4 RADLEY COLLEGE	70	336	190	315	911
5 MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, 1st team	55	345	195	305	900
6 REPTON SCHOOL	75	329	170	325	899
7 WREKIN COLLEGE	60	363	175	295	893
8 ETON COLLEGE	65	329	180	315	889
9 CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL, 2nd team	60	348	180	300	888
10 ARDINGLY COLLEGE	70	338	185	290	888
11 MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, 2nd team	42	315	175	345	877
12 OUNDLE SCHOOL	65	349	180	280	874
13 CRANLEIGH SCHOOL	65	353	160	295	873
14 ST. BEES SCHOOL, 1st team	70	335	155	310	870
15 RUGBY SCHOOL	70	327	180	290	867
16 WHITGIFT SCHOOL	60	335	130	335	860
17 KING'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, WIMBLEDON	40	312	170	330	852
18 DENSTONE COLLEGE	60	347	190	245	842
19 ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, W. KENSINGTON	75	351	175	235	836
20 BRADFELD COLLEGE	65	326	175	265	831
21 EDINBURGH ACADEMY	65	327	150	285	827
22 LANCING COLLEGE	80	326	150	265	821
23 ROSSALL SCHOOL, 1st team	62	329	160	265	816
24 BEAUMONT COLLEGE	42	331	145	295	813
25 TRENT COLLEGE	42	328	150	290	810
26 WINCHESTER COLLEGE, 1st team	60	335	175	240	810
27 DURHAM SCHOOL	42	322	160	285	809
28 MILL HILL SCHOOL	52	331	170	250	803
29 DOVER COLLEGE, 1st team	62	344	165	230	801
30 MALVERN COLLEGE	60	325	160	255	800
31 MERCHISTON CASTLE SCHOOL	57	318	170	255	800
32 SHERBORNE SCHOOL, 1st team	50	328	185	235	798
33 WORKSOP COLLEGE	47	317	150	280	794
34 ST. LAWRENCE COLLEGE, RAMSGATE	65	322	165	240	792
35 WESTMINSTER SCHOOL	65	311	160	255	791
36 TONBRIDGE SCHOOL	44	303	155	285	787
37 KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM	65	317	150	255	787
38 WELLINGTON COLLEGE	38	327	155	255	775
39 EPSOM COLLEGE, 1st team	57	327	160	230	774
40 STONYHURST COLLEGE, 1st team	65	340	155	210	770
41 AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE, 1st team	50	313	150	235	748
42 FELSTED SCHOOL	36	315	125	260	736
43 AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE, 2nd team	50	286	150	250	736
44 UPPINGHAM SCHOOL	68	287	155	225	735
45 HAILEYBURY COLLEGE	39	306	165	215	725
46 SHERBORNE SCHOOL, 2nd team	45	283	145	245	718
47 WINCHESTER COLLEGE, 2nd team	42	304	165	205	716
48 DULWICH COLLEGE	29	295	120	265	709
49 STONYHURST COLLEGE, 2nd team	29	300	140	235	704
50 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, FROGNAL	42	288	125	245	700
51 ALDENHAM SCHOOL	42	285	175	185	687
52 KINGS SCHOOL, CANTERBURY	52	272	100	260	684
53 BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, 1st team	55	278	120	230	683
54 ST. BEES SCHOOL, 2nd team	45	288	135	205	673
55 CHRIST'S HOSPITAL	42	284	130	215	671
56 EPSOM COLLEGE, 2nd team	55	273	135	205	668
57 THE LEYS SCHOOL	44	252	130	240	666
58 ROSSALL SCHOOL, 2nd team	42	280	130	205	666
59 CHELTENHAM COLLEGE	42	318	140	165	665
60 HURSTPIERPOINT COLLEGE	32	260	115	245	652
61 READING SCHOOL	23	241	95	290	649
62 DEAN CLOSE SCHOOL, CHELTENHAM	31	268	100	220	619
63 CITY OF LONDON	40	228	80	270	618
64 ST. EDWARD'S SCHOOL	60	309	120	125	614
65 REIGATE GRAMMAR SCHOOL	32	250	100	225	607
66 DOVER COLLEGE, 2nd team	35	278	115	175	603
67 PORTSMOUTH GRAMMAR SCHOOL	52	254	105	185	596
68 BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, 2nd team	47	264	90	170	571
69 GRESHAM'S SCHOOL	21	249	90	150	510

* These teams shot at 20yds.

CLASS "B" CUP.

(Schools with less than three platoons.)

		Group-	Snap	Land-	
		ing.	Rapid.	Shooting	Total.
				scape.	
1	MONKTON COMBE SCHOOL ..	65	338	185	903
2	SUTTON VALENCE SCHOOL ..	50	318	180	853
3	WEST BUCKLAND SCHOOL ..	60	328	170	838
4	SOLIHULL SCHOOL ..	39	307	165	816
5	GIGGSWICK SCHOOL ..	60	332	165	812
6	GEORGE HERIOT'S SCHOOL ..	36	319	130	755
7	ALLHALLOWS SCHOOL ..	42	293	155	755
8	ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, LANCASTER	41	303	170	754
9	WANTAGE SCHOOL ..	53	278	135	746
10	SIR ROGER MANWOOD'S SCHOOL ..	32	311	135	743
11	OAKHAM SCHOOL ..	60	275	105	725
12	BLOXHAM SCHOOL ..	42	277	120	684
13	KELLY COLLEGE ..	49	281	160	675
14	NEWTON COLLEGE ..	36	305	120	666
15	FRAMLINGHAM COLLEGE ..	31	274	90	660
16	WEYMOUTH COLLEGE ..	40	270	105	660
17	ORATORY SCHOOL, CAVERSHAM PARK ..	42	277	120	629
18	DORCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL ..	39	238	100	622
19	EXETER SCHOOL ..	47	281	95	613
20	FOREST SCHOOL, WALTHAMSTOW ..	39	275	80	579
21	BOURNEMOUTH SCHOOL ..	42	246	110	558
22	SKINNERS' SCHOOL ..	35	211	100	556
23	NORTH EASTERN COUNTY SCHOOL ..	39	252	70	551
24	ELLESMERE SCHOOL ..	44	266	90	530
25	KING EDWARD VII SCHOOL, SHEFFIELD	45	201	95	456
26	HYMERS COLLEGE ..	31	221	55	427

* These teams shot at 20yds.

One of the difficulties with the lesser schools is that the necessarily smaller scale of operations may debar placing a

specialist instructor in charge of the O.T.C., with the result that individual keenness does not receive the lead that would otherwise be available. Pressing on all schools, large and small, is a handicap that few grown-up rifle shots are able adequately to realise. The pupil at any one of our Public Schools is a vastly busy person. There are hosts of special duties and attendances in his all too brief day. There is the call of games and of hobbies, perhaps specially directed towards his future career, while examinations cast a shade over lives which we older ones regard only from their sparkling bright side. That the standard of rifle shooting attained should in these circumstances require no apology is a tribute to the zest with which its peculiar problems are tackled, also to the self-denying zeal which some particular master applies to a pure overtime activity and this without the time-and-a-half balm which a trade union would enforce. Ours is a jolly little competition, and one which establishes a pleasant link between England's coming manhood and ourselves. Though the essence of our competition is team work, as it is also the essence of the Public School spirit, we feel entitled to draw attention to the following individual contributions:

HIGHEST POSSIBLE SCORE IN THE AGGREGATE OF SERIES 1, 2 AND 3.

CORPL. N. R. M. SKENE, Brighton College	10	50	25=85
PTE. W. B. BRYAN, Oundle School ..	10	50	25=85

HIGHEST POSSIBLE SCORE IN RAPID SERIES.

CORPL. N. R. M. SKENE, Brighton College..	50
PTE. W. B. BRYAN, Oundle School	50
C.S.M. G. N. HOLTBY, Trent College	50

THE MECHANICS OF THE HORSE

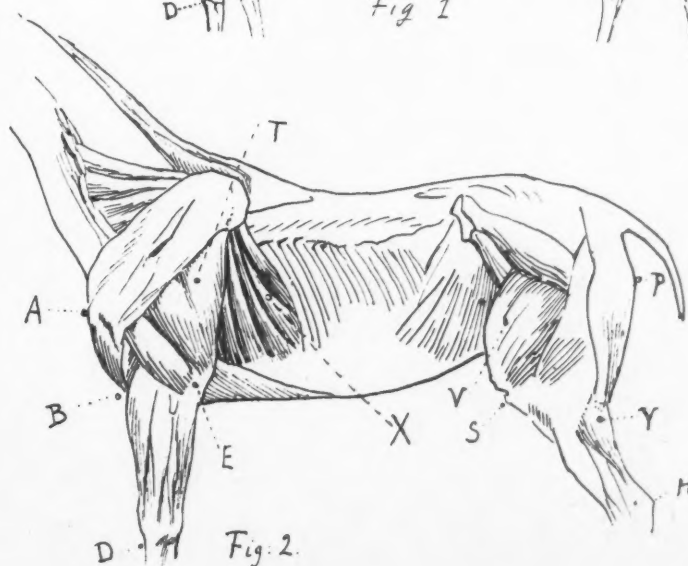
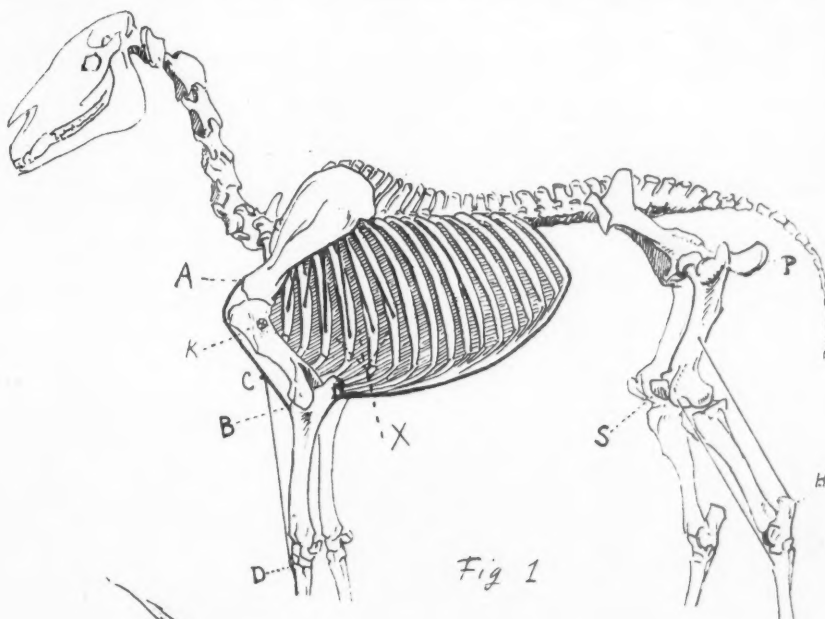
IN his interesting series of articles on riding, Colonel McTaggart devotes himself to the question of the best position of the rider on his mount, a question of primary importance which affects both the comfort and security of the rider and the comfort of and the strain put upon the horse. And since its solution is, he says, a question of mechanics, it should be interesting, without going too deep, to examine the construction of the animal machine which the horseman has to manage.

One glance at a horse, with his head and neck sticking out beyond his chest, suggests that he must bear more heavily on his fore feet than on his hind. This, in fact, he does, as the scales show. Here is a note from Stillman of a horse weighing 210 kilos on his fore feet and 174 kilos on his hind; that is, his weight is distributed approximately as 6 to 5. Evidently the forehead needs a special weight-carrying mechanism.

As soon as we anatomise a horse we see many differences of structure to adapt his fore and hind quarters to their different duties. First, before we dissect him, there is the difference of his feet. The hoof of his fore foot is rounder and has a larger tread, while his hind foot is smaller and more pointed, the better to hold the ground as he takes off as in galloping or jumping. But jumping, as Colonel McTaggart points out in his recent article on "The Length of the Stirrup-leather," is the underlying principle of a horse's action, so that at every stride he needs to catch himself from the kick-off of his last jump and lift his forehead to the right inclination for his next jump, be it the gentlest canter, a standing jump at a hurdle, or a rush at a Grand National fence.

Let us study the anatomy of the legs in relation to their action, beginning with the foreleg. A horse employs his fore leg mostly as the rigid spoke of a wheel, pivoting it, as on a hub, upon a point upon the shoulder blade. But, since it is a solitary spoke, it cannot, like the spoke of an ordinary wheel, wait to take its turn with its brothers, travelling over the top and down again, and so has to be hurriedly folded and straightened out again as quickly as is needed. A folding spoke appears a very insecure support! Evidently there is need of some strong tie to prevent its buckling up under a strain such as that of receiving the shock of horse and rider landing over a jump. And, indeed, such there is: an automatic bond which acts the more firmly the greater the weight thrown upon the shoulder blade.

The most familiar illustration of the action of this automatic bond is the behaviour of a horse standing at rest. He stands, if sound, firmly planted on both his fore feet, while from time to time he eases the strain upon his hind legs by shifting his weight from one leg to the other. This is because the hind legs have to carry their burden by muscular effort from which the forelegs



are exempt; for the slinging of the fore quarters from the shoulder blade, the prevention of the closing of the joints of the shoulder blade and arm, and the locking of the knee, are all performed by inextensible tissues without the employment of muscular contraction.

In Fig. 1 you will see a black line running from the knob at the lower end of the shoulder blade (A) to a point on the radius (B), and a second black line (C D) which joins the first line to a point below the knee (D). These lines, which lie in the same direction as the neighbouring muscles (see Fig. 2, A B D), are the diagrammatic representation of the inextensible, yet flexible, tissues mentioned above. In Fig. 2, we can see at x strands of the fan-like muscle which attaches the shoulder blade to the ribs of the chest, and in Fig. 1 are drawn black lines diagrammatically to represent inelastic tissue, which, like the muscle, attaches the shoulder blade to the ribs.

If now we follow out how the weight of the fore quarters is carried when the horse is at rest, we see that the pull of the slings (x) on the shoulder blade drags it down and tends to flex the joints at A and B and also to make the knee buckle over. But these movements of flexion are limited by the string A B, which, moreover, as it is pulled taut, tautens the string C D that locks the knee, and the greater the pull on the shoulder blade the tighter the lock becomes.

So much for the leg at rest. And now let us look at it in action. In Fig. 3 are given sketches of three of its positions: a, extended as it takes the ground; b, the vertical position of support; c, the moment before it leaves the ground, when it has ceased to be useful for support but can serve, by opening its joints, to thrust the shoulder blade forward and give a forward movement to the body.

In a the leg is stretched forward with the joints extended. As the foot takes the ground, the weight of the body is taken up by the play of the muscles, which allow the joints A and B to close gradually and gently to the point at which the strain is taken up by the inextensible tissues; while the muscle at x similarly lets the body's weight settle gently on to the support of the black lines at x. But, to make the rigidity of the spoke complete against all strains, the automatic action of the unelastic tissues is not enough, muscular effort is also used: the big triceps muscle T, from the under edge of the shoulder blade to the elbow E, tightens and pulls against the resistance of the string A B, thus locking the shoulder blade, the upper arm and elbow into a rigid triangle. Until the leg reaches the position, as in c, in which it is no longer useful as support, this lock is maintained, the action of the leg being confined to rotation spokedwise upon a point on the shoulder blade by muscles of which the pull may be diagrammatically expressed thus in Fig. 4:

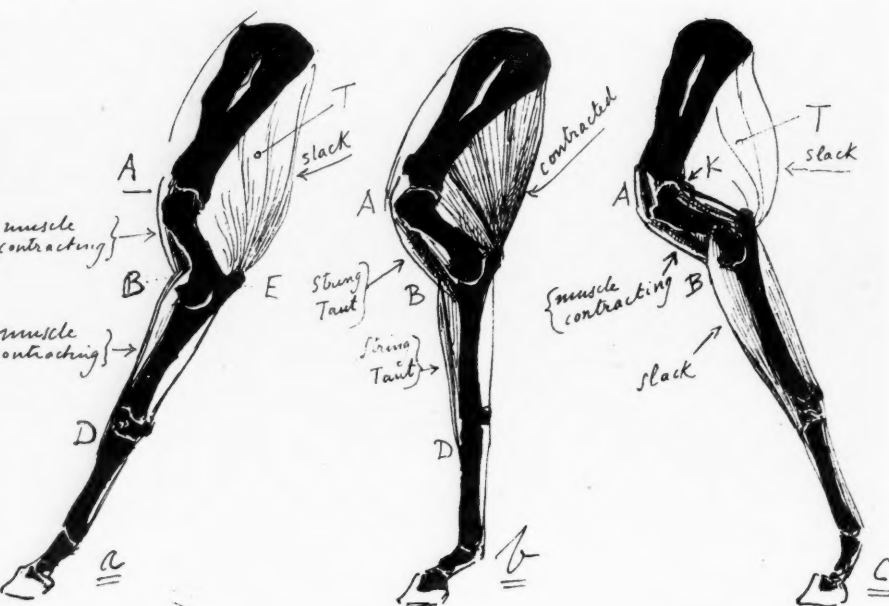
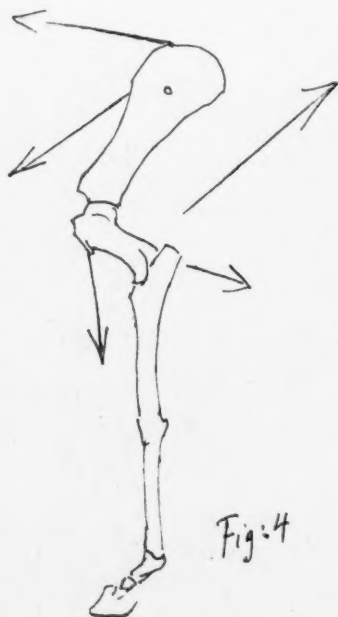


Fig. 3

pastern (see Fig. 3, b), so marked in a thoroughbred, reduces the height of the leg as it passes the vertical, thus aiding the body to go forward smoothly and horizontally.

So much for the foreleg, designed primarily for support. When we look at the hind leg, designed for propulsion, we shall see that it is as a rigid support that it passes through the first phases of its action, like the foreleg in a and b, Fig. 3. But there is no automatically acting, inextensible tissue here; the flexion of the joints is checked by muscular action—by the contraction of the big muscles that lie on the top of the thigh. The leg, once it has passed the point of support as in c, thrusts the body forward with a power that far exceeds what the fore leg can do. The big muscles on the thigh bone pull on the kneecap and extend the stifle joint s, helped by the mass of muscles round the buttocks, which contract between s and p; the muscles at v (Fig. 2)—the calf muscles—pull on the hock, extending the joint at h, their action being helped indirectly by the powerful muscles mentioned above, for the stifle and hock joints are linked by parallel strings (see the straight lines on Fig. 1) which make them open and close always in inseparable union.

The difference in the use of the fore and hind legs is, perhaps, the more striking from their bone arrangement being so similar. The correspondence is close between the shoulder blade, from which the forehand is slung, and the femur, which supports the hips, both sloping forwards; between the upper arm and the tibia, both sloping backwards; between the leverage of the elbow and the hock upon the length of leg below. But there is little correspondence in the muscular distribution which adapts the fore legs to picking up the weight and getting quickly clear to allow the hind legs free play for propulsion. It would be interesting to plot from a series of cinematograph photographs the rhythmic curves through which the fore and hind quarters of a really good horse must pass in making Colonel McTaggart's perfect "one, two, three, over!" and away again.

Necessarily, a great many more muscles than have been mentioned come into play in the simplest movement. There are the muscles hidden in the underside of shoulder blade and hind leg, which reduplicate the work of some of those we can see, and many minor ones are needed to modify the action of their larger neighbours. The more one studies the anatomy of the horse, the more one is astonished at the perfection of its mechanism for the few things it attempts. One is struck by the way in which the muscles, in performing some light duty, are being prepared to take up without shock the strain of heavier work, and by the number of muscles simultaneously called into play in great efforts such as jumping. The ingenuity and variety of its construction is inexhaustible, as in the shaping of the "wheel" of the hock joint, which is not truly circular but is made slightly steeper in the middle so that the pull of the great muscles of the quarters is for a moment pent up, resulting in a flip which gives a sharper stroke than any smoothly gliding movement could give.

Anatomical study is not enough, I am afraid, to make a man a horseman, but it is another reminder that the rider's business is to identify himself as far as he can with that part of the animal where most of its own weight is carried, for thus his additional weight will be borne by the parts of the machine best adapted to carry it and will least disturb the principles of throwing and catching upon which the free horse naturally propels itself.

L. D. LUARD.

SOME MODERN POTTERY



1.—LUSTRED BOWL.
Gold, crimson and violet. Royal Lancastrian.



2.—SLIP WARE BOWL.
Brown and black on buff. Poole.

IN common with the other applied arts, pottery is only gradually recovering from the decline into which it fell after 1851.

The majority of people, moreover, are still directed in their judgment of pottery by the assumption that no modern work exists capable of pleasing the eye. During the third quarter of last century took place the famous divorce of utility from grace, with the result in the pottery trade that when an object was made for ornament it must, above all, be without use. Whence it came about that all ornaments were more or less grotesque, since you cannot have a beautiful vessel that serves no kind of use whatever. The less efficient a vessel the more grotesque it becomes. Conversely, a vessel that perfectly serves a simple function with a minimum of means is inevitably pleasing to the senses—is, in fact, beautiful.

This is a simple definition, and not so comprehensive as our advanced stage of culture demands. But the applied arts need a big dose of it. Efficient simplicity and plenty of it should be the prescription for all metal workers, furniture designers and potters, until they have got back to the essential serviceableness of their craft and materials, an essential from which two centuries of technical accomplishment have lured them. The first reaction from "technical slickness," as the smooth, lifeless skill of the late Dresden porcelain modeller has

been called, was to an equally false rusticity. During the latter half of last century there were produced, side by side with horrid distorted shapes covered with marvellously skilful but detestable design, vast quantities of quaint rustic potteries. Things that stood all awry and looked like anything but what they were.

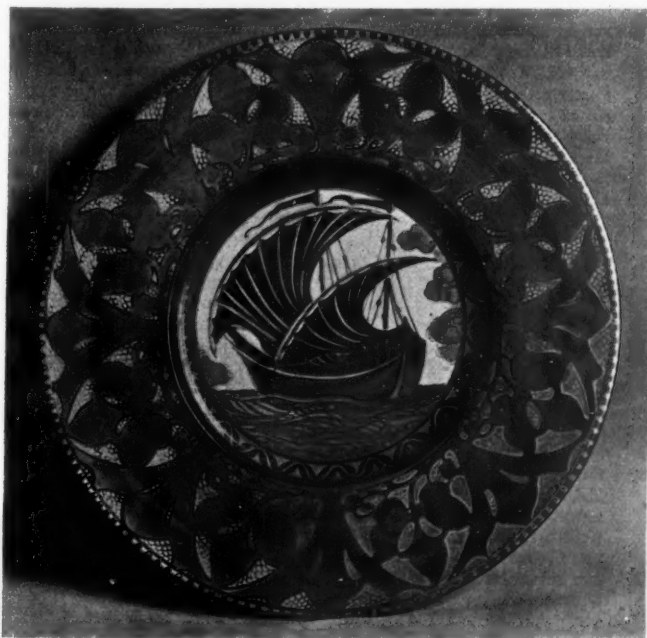
Craftsmen lacked an aesthetic steersman. When De Morgan, Morris and the Pre-Raphaelites took the helm they had at least an objective—purity of line and richness of colour. Their determined direction enabled people slowly to orientate themselves; to sort out their likes and dislikes, and to find some justification for them.

In pottery, De Morgan stands out as the leader from the land of Ham. He went for the Hispano-Moresque style, and, to achieve results equally satisfying, reintroduced the opalescent lustre which characterised that and the earlier majolica wares. Since then his methods have been enormously improved in Royal Lancastrian pottery. In this, design, colour and lustre are the main objects that the craftsmen have set before them. Three of their works are here reproduced by the courtesy of Messrs. Osler (who have lent from their stock all the pieces here reproduced):

A plaque, 14ins. across, with a design of a galleon, by Robert Joyce (Fig. 4): in this piece the colour is not so pleasing as



3.—TURQUOISE BLUE AND BROWN PURPLE POT.
Doulton.



4.—LUSTRED PLAQUE, BY ROBERT JOYCE.
Bronze and browns. Royal Lancastrian.



5.—LUSTRED BOWL, BY SAMUEL MYCOCK.
Venetian red, vermillion and chocolate. Gold design. Royal Lancastrian.

might be. There is too much of what used to be called "art browns and greens." But the lustre is of a beautiful bronze opal.

Bowl, 14½ ins., with design of a mounted boy, by Samuel Mycock (Fig. 5): not only is the figure nobly conceived, but the colours are gorgeous. The exterior of the bowl is pale gold. Within, venetian red at the lip merges through deep vermillion and lake to chocolate on the floor of the bowl. The lustre is a deep opalescent blue. Lovely tints of blue and green reveal themselves with changing lights in the drawing of the figure.

Heraldic bowl, 13½ ins., design of shields and intersecting circles (Fig. 1): outside, a rich glowing deep vermillion merges down into violet. Within, a harmony of carmine lake and deep vermillion.

These are beautiful pieces, fashioned with finest skill, and their lustres, obtained by scientific research, certainly surpass those of any other age. It is worthy of note, though, that half the effect is lost if the design is of too realistic a nature. The medium is admirably suited for conventional, but not to representational, treatments.

Two much simpler wares are made by Doultons. In the "fruit skin" ware, attention has been given to the feel of the piece. The pot in Fig. 3, 8½ ins. high, though not an example with a fruit-skin surface, shows the simple shape these vessels take, but the colouring, in which consists its chief beauty, cannot be seen. The pot has received four simultaneous glazes of turquoise blue and a brown purple. In firing, the blue sinks to the bottom, and so a pleasant merged effect is procured. Vessels like this are admirable for flowers, and by themselves add a spot of glowing colour to a room.

The same firm are also producing a Persian ware. Cigarette trays, dishes and vases are made of a rough pottery coated with a white engobe which has a bluish tinge. On this designs are painted with crude mineral oxides, which, when fired, take on lovely hues of turquoise blue, emerald green and venetian red. This is a very refreshing kind of ware, somewhat rough to the touch, showing sometimes the marks of the potter's thumb, but full of vigour (Fig. 6).



6.—PERSIAN WARE.

Turquoise blue, green and venetian red on light grey. Doulton.

One of the most flourishing potteries in the kingdom is that at Poole, where Messrs. Carter, Stabler and Adams model and fire their simple wares. Lately, Londoners have seen a good deal of Mr. and Mrs. Stabler's work in lead and terra-cotta garden statuary at the Architecture Club Exhibition. A certain amount of figure modelling in stoneware is also done by them, with notable beauty in such pieces as "The Lavender Woman." Mr. Stabler has confessedly been stimulated by the Chinese stoneware figures which are coming to European ken. At the same time the firm's most successful vessels are inspired by old English wares—Bristol Delft and "Toft" slip ware. One of the latter is reproduced—a dish of brown on buff, 13½ ins. across, with a most lively design of a panther (Fig. 2). This pottery firm turns out a great deal of table ware, very simple and satisfying in shape, the surface often not smoothed since it left the wheel, but coated with a blue-white glaze, some simple design in pure colours painted on it. These potteries have steered clear of artiness on the one hand and grotesquerie on the other. The deplorable "peasantlike" wares of Brittany and the modern majolicas of Italy—neither of them show anything to be compared to the honest endeavour and simple beauty of design that characterise our English potters.

C. H.

FORMBY REVISITED

By BERNARD DARWIN.

I HAD the great pleasure lately of playing once more at Formby. Save for one day in the wartime, when a kind general asked a grateful and trembling subaltern to play with him, I had not been there for nineteen years. That is far too long an absence, for, though people may and do argue hotly as to its precise position among courses of championship calibre, I have never met anyone to dispute the fact that Formby is a quite delightful spot whereon to play golf.

I found some changes. I will not enumerate them at length because the man who tries to describe particular holes is nearly always unintelligible. I may, however, shed one tear over the disappearance of the old seventeenth, which has had to make way for an intrusive road. It was a hole not at all typical of Formby. The player's way did not lie down one of those secret and romantic gorges between mountains of sand which are such a feature of the course. It was rather a hard, remorseless, businesslike hole such as one would look for on the other side of the Mersey at Hoylake, with a flat, narrow strath of turf, an out-of-bounds territory on the right, a ditch and rough ground on the left. There was nothing whatever to help the player and nothing, in a sense, to hinder him, except his own thronging and unruly fancies. These nearly always got the better of him. Personally, I was never sure whether I was going to slice or to hook, but my feet always took on a mutinous and intoxicated air on that teeing-ground; they would not look straight at the hole, and my ball would not fly straight at it either. The new seventeenth, though quite a good hole, has not the character of the old one. On the other hand, the new fifteenth and sixteenth (the latter not yet in play) have plenty of character. The fifteenth is a difficult two-shot hole, with a half-blind second down a narrow alley. I have some doubts about a certain mountain—or, rather, monticle—on the

left-hand side of the green. I am disposed to think that the hole might be fairer and better if part of the monticle was taken away; but the very fact that I use the word "fair" makes me distrust myself, because to try for fairness is sometimes only to achieve dullness. The sixteenth seems to have all the makings of a good, testing, orthodox one-shot hole, certainly a much better one than the present fourteenth, which is to vanish altogether.

So much for changes and details, and now for Formby as a whole. It seems to me to possess a kind of enchanted quality, as also in some measure do West Lancashire and Birkdale, which lie in the same stretch of golfing country. At a certain point we pass on a sudden into a golfing fairyland. After four sound, but undramatic holes, we play one which I take leave to call a poor one. This is the fifth, where we play a blind second into a big bunch-bowl. Having holed out, we ring a bell to tell those behind us that they may play on, and that bell is a symbol that we have left the shores of common daily life and are putting forth on romantic seas. Nobody, however long he has been away, can forget that sixth hole, with its drive down the glade opening out in front of him, and the second shot to be slashed home with a brassy against the wind to the green hiding in the ring of sandy hillocks. I do not know who originally laid out that hole, but when he first saw that glade he must have stood silent for a moment and gazed upon it, "with a wild surmise," before rushing forward to plant the flag fluttering on the chosen spot. And though this is still the best of these valley holes, there are several others that give much of the same thrill—the seventh, eighth and tenth in particular. Not only do they provide the very quintessence of golfing fun, but they have that delicious feeling of secrecy which we find also at Sandwich and at Prestwick, on the near side of the wall. The whole world may be

playing on the course, but, as far as we in our particular valley are concerned, it is lost, and we count it very well lost.

These holes possess another great beauty in their matchless turf. We feel that the ball must be picked up cleanly and sweetly or else, whatever its result, it will be an artistic failure. Deliberately to take a divot is to be a Goth and a Vandal. Not to put one back . . . but no, the mind recoils shuddering from such a thought. It is what I may call old-fashioned, delicate, seaside turf at its very best and there is not nowadays very much of it left. "I am not," as the late Lord Spencer once said on a famous occasion, "an agricultural labourer." I do not understand turf, but it seems to me that to-day the green committees of courses which are much played over have perforce to go to one of two extremes. If they leave the turf to nature it is not quite strong enough to withstand the wear and tear of feet and nibblicks, and becomes somewhat bare and broken. If they dress it and "cosset" it, it loses the old seaside charm and becomes very good inland turf. I do not know if the Formby Green Committee have a hoarded secret, or whether it is only that nature has been very kind, but the Formby lies are at once perfectly good and perfectly seaside in character.

Of course, these valley holes are apt to have the defects of their qualities. For the ordinary golfer, out to enjoy himself, they are not defects. The ball turns rather towards the hole than away from it. The ground is not, in the often quoted words, "aye fechtin' against ye," but is in a benignant mood. The thirteenth, for example, has a trough-like green, very pretty and fascinating and full of hopes of a three. But, after all, it is a poor heart that never rejoices even in the unmerited success of its own imperfectly struck approach shot.

In this respect it is rather interesting to compare Formby with Hoylake. The Hoylake greens are wonderfully, coldly impartial. They have no favourites. If they ever take sides at all, it is by giving the ball a sly kick away from the flag. Some people think them a little flat and insipid, but I am more and more strongly driven to the conclusion that they provide a very fine test both of the play up to the hole and the putting when you get there. Certainly, the Alps, which is to disappear, is a lucky hole, but the luck there comes with a kick from the hillside; the green itself holds the scales ruthlessly even.

Hoylake and Formby are of especial interest just now because the Open Championship is to be at Hoylake, and half the qualifying rounds will be played at Formby. If the weather behaves itself with any sense of decency at all, both courses should be in very fine order. At the present moment there is one remarkable contrast between such comparatively near neighbours. The greens at Formby are of an almost icy keenness. The man who is hitting the ball truly reaps a proper reward; but oh, my goodness! the poor man who is putting badly! I was that man and I could count on my fingers the greens on which I required no more than two putts. On the other hand, the Hoylake greens have a good thick coat of grass and are quite slow. When I got there and saw my first putt stop 6ft. short of the hole I could almost have cried with relief. It required a real hardening of the heart to be up. On both courses, however, the greens were very true, and by June Formby will be a little slower and Hoylake a good deal faster, and there will be no excuse for bad putting except those two laws of nature which decree, first that the ball "maun be hit," and secondly that we cannot hit it.

CAN LADIES RIDE ASTRIDE?

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL M. F. McTAGGART, D.S.O.

BEFORE the above question should be answered, it would be advisable for us to look into the various reasons which are given against ladies' capacity to ride in men's saddles, to examine them, and to see how far those who hold these ideas have experience to guide them, or reasons to give for opinions often boldly and unequivocally expressed.

Perhaps the most frequent argument used is that, whereas men have usually flat thighs to grip with, the gentler sex, more often than not, have round ones. This so-called fact, which is generally accepted without question, seems to be sufficient to prove that to men alone is given the power to ride a horse astride, and that ladies, in their emulation, are foolishly flying in the face of Providence.

Somehow, this does not seem convincing; we listen with polite attention, but reserve our judgment. Readers of COUNTRY LIFE will, however, know what value can be placed on this question of round or flat thighs. They know that the only portion that touches the saddle is the back part, and that the flat portion of the thigh is uppermost. The so-called round-thighed individual does not exist. The muscles of all thighs are flat when the leg is bent and the sinews tightened. The only difference is that some are thinner than others, and some better conditioned. This argument, therefore, of the round and flat thigh evaporates at once under the first rays of examination. So, let us turn to the next point.

It is said that females have knock-knees, and, therefore, have more difficulty in riding astride than men. This argument presupposes, firstly, that the statement is true, and secondly, if true, that it affects riding. Far be it from me to express any opinion upon so delicate a subject, but such statements should also be accepted with a discreet reserve. Be it correct or not, the point that really matters is, does it affect riding?

We know that the knock-kneed man, when in the saddle, turns his toes out, and the bow-legged man turns them in; but what of it? Does it really affect his horsemanship? Is our knock-kneed brother unable to ride? If he can do so, and enjoy himself across country, why not our knock-kneed sister? I fear the argument is more imposing than important, more specious than sound. It is another which, under examination and experiment, soon collapses.

The third argument, which is better than those we have now dismissed, has, at least, the merit of fact to support it, and it will, therefore, take a little more space to dissect and care to analyse. It is that, as woman is of the weaker sex, she cannot have so strong a grip on a horse as a man, and that she is thereby faced with greater difficulties in her equitation.

This argument might have something in it were horsemanship a matter of sheer strength, or if it were a case of breaking in wild horses to dangerous feats. But, speaking generally, we do nothing of the sort when out riding. The lady's hunter in particular is a quiet, well-mannered animal, which does not pull much and goes quietly and nicely wherever wanted. On such occasions we do not have to use much muscular effort. In fact, the riding of such as these hardly exercises us sufficiently.

So, why should not ladies ride quiet horses astride perfectly well? "Because of jumping," is the immediate reply, "for there they do require strength, and plenty, of it. Ladies would soon find themselves in Queer Street if they started negotiating fences astride similarly to men."

If this is the reply, then we can only suppose that men remain with their horses while jumping by great muscular effort, and it speaks very badly for the horsemanship of these bulldog males, who supply by strength what they must lack in skill. The fact is, that, if we are properly poised in our saddles and our horses are jumping kindly and freely, we do not require much grip in jumping. It is so much a question of balance.

Of course, out hunting, we cannot always be right, and then a certain amount of strength is undoubtedly necessary; but it should certainly not be beyond the capacity of any active woman. But if ladies could only be taught the principles of the balanced seat, they would have little difficulty in riding astride across country and in competing on equal terms with men; but as it is, many who do come out hunting astride positively dare not jump anything at all, and so lose much of the pleasure of the day's sport.

There is a system of instruction for jumping which is equally good for either old or young, for the most timid as well as for the beginner or the experienced rider whereby, in a very few lessons, the principles of this art can be easily understood and soon mastered. But, I am sorry to say, I know no riding school where any real system of such a nature has been adopted.

I am confident that much can be done, and very easily, too, in helping ladies to ride on plain saddles just as effectively as men. If we think the matter over without prejudice, we shall, I feel sure, come to the conclusion that there is no sound reason why ladies cannot ride perfectly well astride, as long as we do not expect them to ride steeplechases and other dangerous and strenuous exercises. Also, I am confident that they could jump in the show-ring as well as men, and I would be only too happy to demonstrate this, did I have a pupil entrusted to my care.

It seems to me that ladies possess naturally the qualities of horsemanship more than men. They pick up anything that is delicate and precise so easily. The grasp of rhythm and cadence and balance seems to come naturally to them. How well ladies dance and skate!—and I want no better pupil for riding than one who is a good skater. But anyone who understands the principles of balance, whether he has learnt them in the gymnasium, the ballroom or the rink, has already gone far in the art of horsemanship. Then, again, the delicacy of touch and the sympathy which is a necessity for good hands are both feminine attributes. If, therefore, we are sure we can eliminate physical disability, then ladies have the argument entirely in their favour.

That the physical argument is not a sound one I hope has been demonstrated satisfactorily, and, if that is the case, then I trust ladies will take courage. Let them go to good tailors and good riding instructors, and then they will be able to show the men the way a stiff country should be crossed both attractively and efficiently.

CORRESPONDENCE

A SPERM WHALE UNDER THE KITCHEN WINDOW.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Lighthouse keepers probably see more strange sights than the majority of people, but to have an enormous sperm whale under one's kitchen window is certainly a unique event. In July, 1898, this actually happened to the three keepers on the Bell Rock Lighthouse. Soon after seven o'clock in the morning they were aroused by a tremendous splashing going on just under the kitchen window and, on looking out, saw an enormous dark grey mass floating there. Looking out of the opposite window, they saw that there was a whole school of sperm whales, to the number of ten in all, playing about the reef, with hardly enough water under them to float in. In all probability they were having a good scratch against the sharp rocks of the reef, in order to rid themselves of the huge barnacles attached to their skin, and as the tide was on the ebb they were in no little danger of becoming stranded high and dry. This actually had happened to the visitor under the kitchen window, for he was aground

extraordinary animal lollops rather than runs, again suggestive of the rabbit. In addition to its peculiar physical characteristics, it also has most unusual habits, and its taste in food is remarkable. Often "puss" will venture into the garden and make a meal among the vegetation, and carrots, both raw and cooked, are eaten with evident satisfaction. It may sometimes be seen sitting bolt upright on its hindquarters having a look round, and if angered resorts to the use of teeth rather than claws. This is suggestive of a dog, as is also its cry, which is an abnormal one. Instead of the ordinary feline "me-oww," puss utters a sound more in the nature of a short bark. Speculation is rife as to a possible explanation of the freak, and it would be interesting to hear the opinions of those of your readers who are naturalists.—F. W. HARLAND-EDGECLUMBE.

POOR PUPS!

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I wonder if you would like to publish this picture of two poor pups which think it very hard lines to have to be photographed.



ORDEAL BY CAMERA.

on an inward sloping shelf of rock which, curiously enough, might have been made for him, for he fitted into it as well as if it had been measured for him. No landing could be made on the rocks until the tide had ebbed for four hours, and by then the whale's body was half out of the water. As may well be imagined, eighty tons of bone and muscle fighting for dear life made water and seaweed fly high in the air as he threshed furiously about with his great tail on the bare rock. Soon he became blotched as with brown paint, due to abrasions of the skin, and the water all around became crimson with his blood. The light keepers decided to put the poor beast out of his misery, so dropped a 4 oz. charge of tonite into his blow-hole during inspiration, and exploded it with the magneto-exploder belonging to the fog-signal apparatus. This charge of explosive can be heard thirty miles away when used for its right purpose, but in this case was hardly heard at all. Although ropes were fixed to the body in order to save such a valuable capture, they proved of no avail, for, the wind rising, they all parted with the surging of the body on the flowing tide. He measured 40ft. in length, and his tail, across the flukes, 10ft. —H. W. ROBINSON.

AN ANIMAL'S NAME WANTED.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Surely one of the most remarkable animals alive is that owned by a Bradford man, Mr. R. H. Mackenzie of 33, Legrams Avenue, Lidget Green. Black in colour and with a coat similar to that of an ordinary domestic cat, it has a short bob-tail like a rabbit's, curiously shaped legs, while its hind-quarters stand considerably higher than the fore part of the body. Consequently, this

They are the grand-pups of Jukie, whose speeches were once reported in COUNTRY LIFE.—E. A. LUGARD.

THE FACULTIES OF BIRDS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In support of the contention that wild birds possess the attributes of instinct or of intelligence commonly accorded without demur or hesitation to wild animals, the following facts, which came under my own observation, may be of interest to your readers. In a farmyard attached to the Manor House, Compton Martin, stood a lean-to shed, the outer wall of which was 4ft. in height, having its top sloping downwards and inwards, so that anything placed upon it had a tendency to roll off into the shed. Two starlings decided to build their nest on the top of this wall, under the shelter formed by the tiles of the roof, but soon found that their building materials rolled off into the shed, and that they were making no progress. Nothing daunted, however, they overcame the difficulty by building a buttress from the floor of the shed to the top of the wall, the base of the buttress being about eighteen inches square. On levelling the top a firm foundation was secured, upon which they built their nest. This extra work took them a month to complete, during which the time arrived for eggs to be laid. Work was not stopped for this reason, but three or four eggs were dropped and lay entangled at various heights in the materials used for building the buttress. The building materials consisted of wool, feathers, sticks, straw, etc., and would nearly fill a sack. The birds reared their brood safely, and, though means were taken to preserve their work for another year, they never returned. Another

instance bearing upon the subject occurred among the poultry in the same yard. One of the hens decided to bring up her family in her own way and without human interference, so made a secret nest for herself among the nettles at the farther end of the orchard. In due time she appeared with an unusually large brood of sixteen chicks, but soon realised that they were too many for her to rear properly, as she could not cover such a large number at night or when necessary. She, however, proved herself to be equal to the emergency, and engaged a foster mother in the shape of a friendly hen, which promptly took charge of half the brood, caring for them as if they were her own. These two troops went about the orchard independently of each other for about two months, when the mother, wanting to lay again, handed over her share of the brood to the foster mother, which, as the chicks no longer required to be covered at night (as they had by this time developed some feathers of their own), was quite capable of looking after the whole brood and, as far as I could see, did her duty satisfactorily. The mother associated with the other poultry in the yard and, apparently, forgot her brood.—HENRY HARGOOD.

GOLD FISH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With reference to Mrs. Mackenzie's letter in your issue of April 12th, I just drop a bundle of pea sticks on to the bottom of the pond, which is shallow. In case of a deep pond a weight or stone should be attached.—GEO. MONRO.

FOUR-HORN SHEEP.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It may interest you to know that I have a picture by James Ward, R.A., of Tabley Hall, Cheshire, painted in 1827, in the foreground of which are a group of four-horn sheep. Their two lower horns curl down like those of a black-faced ram; while the two upper horns are nearly straight, but curve slightly outwards. Descendants of those sheep were still at Tabley in the latter years of last century, where I have frequently seen them when riding through the park.—I. E. JOHNSON-FERGUSON.

A PLEA FOR THATCH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The village is small and old, and any new building immediately attracts our attention and criticism. For several weeks they have been erecting two small cottages at the end of our chief street, and yesterday they began to put on the roofs. They are actually using slates. Now, the chance traveller will walk down the row of white-walled, thatch-crowned cottages and will just be growing interested in their old-world atmosphere when he will suddenly be confronted by the uninspired grey of the new slates. Surely, there is enough dirty-red brick and slate-grey drabness in towns and cities without there being any necessity to tamper with what few untouched hamlets we have remaining. The thatch roof is not only picturesque, but exceedingly useful. Thatching is almost a lost art. Yet comfort is much greater under thatch than under a slate roof, as anyone who has lived in a thatched roofed house will tell you; for thatch keeps out the cold in winter and, paradoxically enough, prevents undue heat in summer. The fact is, machinery is gradually killing thatching. Nowadays we have machines to prepare the straw for thatched roofs, and machine-made thatch is not so durable as that prepared by hand. A hand-thatched roof will last about twenty-five years and cost about 3d. or 4d. a square foot. Thatch which is machine manufactured, while, perhaps, being a little cheaper, will decay long before the period elapses, and it is this quicker decay which is making slate roofs more common in villages. After continually patching his roof, the average villager will replace his machine-prepared thatch with wood or slates. Many people seem to be influenced by the generally accepted idea that thatch is highly inflammable; yet, while loose, dry straw is quickly ignited and burns rapidly, tightly packed straw or thatch burns very slowly and produces more smoke than flame. Slowly the old thatched roofs are disappearing and the more modern slate is successfully invading our villages. When this invasion is complete, I suppose, we shall still be able to view a specimen of real thatch in our museums.—F. W.

JOHN REVET AND BATH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Readers who have noticed the recent references to John Revet in your "Correspondence" columns may be interested in the ring he presented to the King's Bath at Bath. Between 1612 and 1784 it was the custom for persons of distinction who had derived benefit from the Bath mineral waters to present a brass ring to be fixed in the wall of the bath for the help and support of those bathing in the hot water. John Revet visited Bath in 1674 and, appropriately, presented a brass ring which may still be seen on the walls of the King's Bath. The inscription reads: "Thanks to God, I, John Revet, His Majesty's Brazier at 50 yrs of Age of July 1674, received Cure of a True Palsie From Head to Foot on one side." I send you drawings of this and two other interesting rings.—JOHN HATTON.

THE YANGTZE RIVER PORPOISE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Fresh-water porpoises which make their home in the muddy rivers of the Far East must practise methods for capturing their prey entirely different from the sea porpoises which hunt in clear water. The Yangtze porpoise can never, by any chance, actually see the small fish for which it is always searching, and therefore must depend on touch or scent, or both, for their capture. These porpoises have none of the gay disposition of their salt sea cousins; you never see a line of Yangtze porpoises skipping along, one behind the other; nor do they ever throw themselves clear out of the water in exuberance of spirits. On the contrary, they are a solemn race, and always seem to be too busy fishing to think of play. When they come up to breathe, only the top of the back is shown; they come up like this four or five times in quick succession, and then stay under for a considerable time before showing again. I have constantly seen these porpoises searching for fish close along the river bank, and this habit makes them easy to shoot. I lately obtained a good specimen by firing down on to its back from the river bank. A friend had taken me out for a trip on a launch, and one evening we went ashore on a small island in order to try for geese. While walking along the bank we saw several porpoises fishing close in, and waited till one showed its back just below us, when we each gave it a charge of No. 1. For two or three minutes nothing was to be seen of the porpoise, and then suddenly we saw a great commotion going on at the top of the water about three-hundred yards out; this went on for, perhaps, half a minute, and then all was quiet again, but we could see something black floating down-stream. My friend ran for the sampan, while I followed



RINGS OF THANKSGIVING AT BATH.

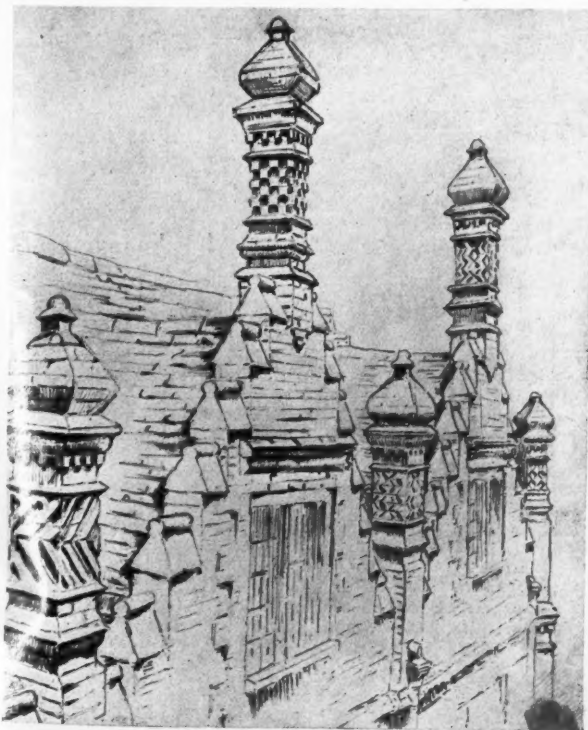
the black object along the bank. As it drifted down, the trend of the current brought the object closer in, till I could see that it was one of the flukes. The sampan then came round the end of the island and the porpoise was dragged into the boat. It proved to be a female, 5ft. long, and weighing, apparently, about 100lb. Unfortunately, we had scales only going up to 60lb., so could not ascertain the actual weight. However, the estimate of 100lb. was certainly not far out. The eyes, though small, seemed in no way atrophied, and no doubt these porpoises use them above water, though they can be no use under it. The mouth and teeth were also quite small, indicating that the food must consist of insignificant sized fish. As the capture of food must be done by touch, one would have expected the mouth to open wider, and so make a more capacious trap. There was a solid layer of blubber about an inch and a half thick, and our heavy shot had gone through this indiarubber-like jacket into the lung cavity. Porpoises are so numerous in the Yangtze that it is surprising the Chinese have not devised some regular method of catching them. The oil is often used by them to smear on the face and hands to keep off mosquitoes.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

COCKFIELD HALL, SUFFOLK.

TO THE EDITOR.

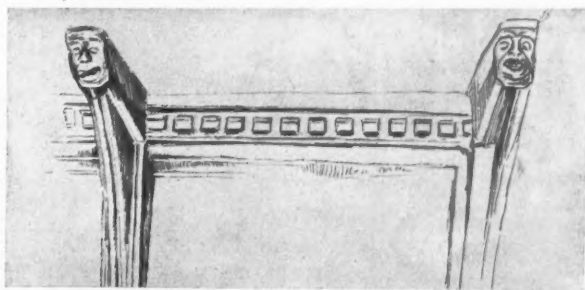
SIR,—I have read with much interest your article on Cockfield Hall, and I send you two sketches that I made nearly thirty years ago, which may be of interest to your readers, and which, I think, will prove that "the ancient mansion" was not "destroyed in 1613," or, at all events, not entirely. Sir Arthur Hopton undoubtedly followed the prevailing plan of that time, and did not build his gateway at right angles to his house, but exactly facing his great hall, which was a half-timbered structure, with a fine open roof of hammer-beam construction, built of oak and sweet chestnut;

this, unfortunately, was entirely destroyed when the present entrance hall, on the site of the old hall, was built, and the timbers sold for firewood. This and many other alterations were made by the present baronet in the year I made these sketches, 1895. However, these two hammer beams, with their grotesque masks of strong Gothic character (their corresponding ones were too much in the dark for me to sketch), were the only survivors of the old roof, as the others had been sawn off when the ancient hall was made the dining room; probably at the same time as the Georgian porch was added and the whole central block Gothified in 1770. These hammer beams were cut off and the ceiling of the modern dining-room was coved, I think, up to the collar beam in plain lath and plaster with moulds run round the room at the base of the cove and where it met the ceiling. I remember going up into the roof immediately over where these hammer beams were, and there I sketched the very decorative plaster panel, the only survivor, and that, as you will see, was damaged at the top. These plaster panels, no doubt, came in the centre of each bay, framed in a plaster rib mould, and in the four half-moon quarters were decorative heraldic dragons, one in each quarter, tail to tail. I cannot now remember why I did not sketch one of them, I wish I had. This decorative plasterwork in each bay, immediately over the battlemented wall plate and coming between that and the purlin, would have a very rich decorative effect, as seen from below on the slope of the roof, and I should think is very uncommon, if not unique. These hammer beams survived in a lobby cut off from the end of the hall, and when the plaster of the end cross wall was removed there was revealed in the centre of the old oak stud-work a very quaint Gothic spandrel, which was over the door that may have led to the solar or the kitchens. I also enclose a sketch which shows the detail of the beautiful finials on the sixteenth century gabled north wing, which I made from an upper room at the same time.—F. W. BROOKE.

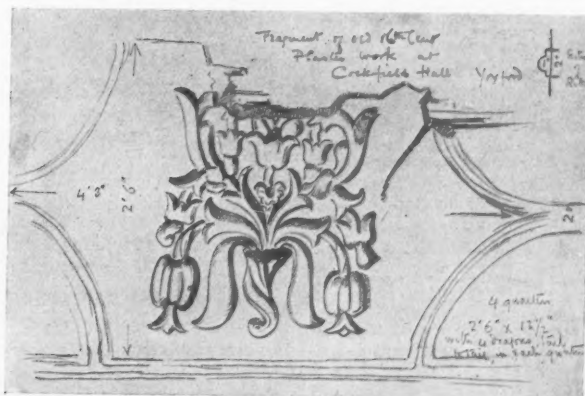


DETAIL OF THE FINIALS OF THE NORTH WING.

SKETCHED AT COCKFIELD HALL.



SKETCHED IN LOBBY.



PLASTERWORK PANEL.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE DERBY FAVOURITE

TOM PINCH AND HIS CREDENTIALS.

QUITE the three year old of the moment is the "dark" horse, Tom Pinch, the property of Lord Woolavington. It is possible that the darkness will have been dispelled soon after the appearance of these notes in print, as the colt is under orders, as I write, to make his first bow in public on the occasion of the Craven Stakes at Newmarket. The race is fixed for Friday, and when it is all over we shall be better able to answer the question in our minds as to whether his favouritism for the Derby is justified. A win for him to-day will not necessarily mean that he will win the Derby, all going well, since he can claim very substantial advantages which are denied to others that have distinguished themselves as two year olds. Still, were he to win in good style, he would certainly retain the position to which he has been exalted without any concrete evidence in public of his claims. It really is a very remarkable position.

I have made one or two references to this horse in the past, but in the circumstances it will not come amiss if I enter into a little more detail now. His breeding shows him to be a full brother to the 1922 Derby winner, Captain Cuttle, who was trained by Fred Darling at Beckhampton. It was only natural, therefore, that Lord Woolavington, who has been accustomed to sending a few of his horses also to P. P. Gilpin at Newmarket, should send this brother of the Derby winner to the able young trainer who had done so splendidly with Captain Cuttle. He received Tom Pinch in the early autumn, and at once realised that he would require a lot of time. He was an imposing-looking colt, for he had unusually fine growth, and already there was much development of the right sort. The generous frame was there to afford scope for building on muscle and, altogether, it was plain at that time there were big possibilities about him. That was how Darling looked at it, and from that time he determined to give him every chance, especially as his forelegs looked as if they might give trouble unless they were taken particular care of. The idea, you see, was to allow the bone and sinews to harden, as they do in time. To have subjected them to a premature strain, such as would have been the case with serious training and racing as a two year old, would have been to run a grave risk of irreparable mischief setting in. A policy of caution and patience was, therefore, adopted, and up to the present it has indeed paid well.

Now, Captain Cuttle was a big chestnut horse of magnificent proportions, as all will agree who had the pleasure of setting eyes on him. Possibly he lacked just a little of quality, but, on the whole, he was a grand example of the thoroughbred of high degree. Tom Pinch (I had the privilege of seeing him at Beckhampton some time ago before he had been made favourite for the Derby) is also a big horse. In early March of this year he certainly stood 16h. zins. That will show you he is above the average height and would make such as Pharos and Papyrus, both of whom were so much in the Derby picture a year ago, look distinctly small. Then there is a big difference in the colours of the two brothers. The younger is a deep, hard bay, and I am sure he shows more quality than "Cuttle." When he has matured to the extent that Captain Cuttle had as a three year old Tom Pinch will be just as powerfully built, but every sound critic of a horse will, I am certain, find fault with his forelegs. They are slightly back at the knees, giving a general impression that he is straighter in those forelegs than he should be if he is to survive for very long the rigours of training and, say, the up and down gradients of Epsom's mile and a half course.

When a horse is built on the big scale as is this colt he almost invariably requires a lot of work. I expect, too, he wants the going when there is no suggestion of jar in the ground. It follows, therefore, that Tom Pinch is not ideally suited for the strain to come. I mention this for it is just as well to face the facts. On the other hand, his chances have certainly been improved by the sensible policy that his trainer adopted with him from the time he first got him as a yearling. And it is quite true that up to the present he has stood a lot of work without betraying any of those fatal signs of weakness. There was a scare created the other day by a sensational London newspaper. Needless to say, it was of a most detrimental nature, and must have greatly worried all interested in the colt. The next day the report of the horse being lame was contradicted. If he continues to do well and justify the position of favouritism, then we may be quite sure that he will be made the subject of frequent canards. It is inevitable with the Derby favourite of to-day.

I fancy the trainer of Tom Pinch first realised last autumn that this was a colt right out of the ordinary, for, though nothing like fit for racing, he "did things" when worked in the company of such as Beresford and Heverswood, and the records show that the former of these was not far behind the best colt of last year. Then, all through the winter he has been in steady work, and I expect we shall find him a fairly fit horse when we come to set eyes on him at Newmarket this week-end. Fred Darling, being a light weight, has been able to ride him himself in all his gallops. That has been immensely in his favour, as it was in the case of the sire Hurry On, which was the best three year old of 1916 and never beaten, and also with Captain Cuttle.

These big, powerful horses wanted strong and masterful control, without which it is quite likely they would not have gained the fame they did on the racecourse. Tom Pinch has shown the family characteristics and has prospered on the methods applied by his trainer rider.

Not having won a race, Tom Pinch receives a maiden allowance of 5lb. in the Craven Stakes. On the other hand, such a Knight of the Garter and Bright Knight not only do not qualify for the allowance, but they must each of them put up a 10lb. penalty for having won substantial stakes as two year olds. Each, therefore, must concede 15lb. to the *débutant*. If Tom Pinch be the colt we think him, or are told he is, then neither the King's colt nor Lord Astor's can have any chance of beating him for the Craven Stakes, which, by the way, is run over the Rowley Mile, as are the races for the "Guineas." I have an idea that Knight of the Garter is being held in reserve for the Two Thousand Guineas, but there was some talk that Bright Knight might fulfil the engagement. If he does, so much the better. The race will be all the more instructive.

Tom Pinch has been discussed at some length in these notes this week because he happens to be a very topical subject and also for the reason that I imagine readers will be interested in my personal impressions of him, together with a few facts as to his work while in training. It is certain that his trainer thinks very highly of him, and I argue that he would not do so without good reason, as he knows what to look for in a high-class horse. I shall be surprised if Tom Pinch does not win at his first venture in public.

How often does it happen that the race for the Greenham Plate at Newbury results in a big surprise? Rarely, indeed, does the favourite come through. It may be because of the weight he cannot give away or, again, on the score of unfitness. Now, in the case of Caravel this very neat and blood-like colt came very close to showing that it is not impossible for the weight-giver to win. For that matter, the winner, Green Fire, was giving weight to some, but was receiving 5lb. from Caravel and Salmon Trout. Caravel looked far straighter in condition than Salmon Trout; but then, the two colts are so entirely dissimilar. The one is on the small side; the other is bigger, more robust and even lusty looking. He most certainly was not in the physical condition that we may expect of him in a little while, but, even so, his trainer believed that he might still be fit and good enough to win for the Aga Khan. That owner also had Diophon in the paddock, and the handsome chestnut son of Grand Parade looked in top-hole condition. It is very likely that he would have won, but his trainer chose instead to run Salmon Trout, probably because he has not had as much experience of racing, and the race, therefore, would do him much good. Caravel made a gallant fight of it, but he just faltered close home, and this enabled Green Fire to win Mr. J. B. Joel his first race of the season and Donoghue to ride his first winner of the season.

Any references to the race for the Newbury Cup on the following day may possibly appear belated at this time of day, and I certainly do not propose to labour an incident that gave rise to much comment and a Stewards' enquiry into the previous running at Lincoln of the very easy winner Condoover. At Lincoln this horse, which had apparently been well backed for a long time before the race, finished a long way down the course behind Sir Gallahad III. At Newbury he won by several lengths, giving no quarter to any other. It was a dramatic transformation, especially as Condoover was practically unbackable at the finish at Newbury and started at 5 to 1. The Stewards accepted the explanation tendered, and there is an end of it; but, at least, the race showed us Condoover as a racing machine of high velocity, and one wonders what would have been the fate of Sir Gallahad III had Condoover been in the same mood and form at Lincoln.

During the coming week there are the races at Epsom for the Great Metropolitan Stakes and the City and Suburban Handicap. The latter, of course, is the big popular draw and, as I write, the favouritism of Lord Derby's Pharos is most pronounced. I must say that with his top weight of 9st. he does look most attractive, and the strongest argument I can advance against him is that Epsom is not Lord Derby's lucky course. On the reasoning that there must be exceptions to every rule, I am fully prepared to see Pharos justify his favouritism. Only a few years ago the St. Leger winner, Black Jester, had 9st. when a four year old for the City and Suburban, and he was a short-priced favourite on the day, and won cantering. The stable companion to Pharos, namely, Moabite, had appeared to have a reasonable chance with 8st. 2lb., but he was exploited at Nottingham last week, and the 10lb. penalty thus picked up puts him out of court. At the same time the stable hopes of taking the race with Pharos were disclosed. On the Cambridge-shire running Pharos would beat Verdict, which may not compete here, but in any case I would not expect her to win. Condoover is more likely to go for the Jubilee, notwithstanding his penalty. I do not much care for Twelve Pointer, and Cos probably waits for a later race. I think the race is a really good thing for Pharos.

PHILIPPOS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

THE COMING SEASON

IF an inference may be drawn from the general trend of business in the first four months of this year, now nearly completed, it is that the coming season will be a busy one, with a high percentage of business effected in proportion to the amount attempted. Transactions amounting in the aggregate to some millions sterling have already been carried out, by auction and in private negotiation.

There have been notable additions to the now very long and imposing list of large country houses that will, for the future, know uses other than those of private residence, and there are still in the market many large houses for which similar treatment is suggested as a means to their realisation. As schools, sanatoria, and the like some of the houses in question will now enter on a new period of usefulness, and their value for their future occupants may be all the greater for the traditions and the architectural qualities of the properties. Whatever the new use, it does at least mean the retention of the building, and avoidance of the fate which seems imminent, at the moment, for Hallingbury Place, and possibly not to be averted in the case of St. Leonard's Hill, near Windsor. The conversion of Stowe and other mansions into schools has proved entirely successful, and although the new school for girls, opened at Hemsted Park, lately the property of Lord Rothermere, is now only in its second term, the number of pupils has risen to a point which is causing the managers to consider increasing the accommodation.

But it is not alone for such uses that buyers are competing for country houses. A steady demand is seen for the best type of house for continuance as private residences, and though there have been disappointments, perhaps, regarding one or two exceptionally finely fitted modern mansions that have not found purchasers under the hammer, their sale in due course is a certainty.

LYMPNE CASTLE.

A REPORT that Lympe Castle is no longer in the market is unfounded. The property is for sale privately by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, and particulars may be had. Early in the fifteenth century Lympe Castle was built, possibly on the site of a Roman watch-tower, for its situation is a dominating one, commanding uninterrupted sea and land views. For some time it formed part of the possessions of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and at one period housed a community of priests attached to the Abbey Church at Lympe; but when Henry VIII dispossessed the communities it passed into other hands.

The castle, which, with some 320 acres, is for sale, is a fine example of an ancient dwelling, possessing present-day comforts. The charm and dignity of its embattled walls, original towers and mullioned windows have been carefully preserved, and to stand on its ramparts and gaze over its old-world gardens is to realise a link with days gone by. Other aspects of the castle and its environment have been referred to in these columns, and a special illustrated article appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. XXVIII, page 682).

OLD MANORIAL HOUSES.

MAJOR THE HON. JOHN S. R. TUFTON has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to sell nearly 1,000 acres on the Ashford side of his Hothfield estate, including Ripton Farm, with a delightful Elizabethan manor house. At the time of the Domesday Survey it was owned by the Abbot of St. Augustine's, later by the family of Valoigns, and subsequently, by marriage, passed to Sir Francis Fogge, Comptroller and Treasurer of the Household to Edward IV. In Queen Elizabeth's reign it was sold to Sir Michael Sondes, who later conveyed it to John Tufton, of Hothfield, in whose family it still remains.

South Hill estate, 328 acres, on the hills between Ashford and Canterbury, as already mentioned, is to be sold, through the Ashford office of the Hanover Square firm, for the executors of the late Mr. R. J. Sankey. It includes the farm, which has been occupied by the late owner's family for more than a century, and famous for its remarkably successful herd of Suffolk-Kent sheep.

Lossenham, 241 acres, on the Kent and Sussex borders, in the Rye district, has a seventeenth century residence, and is noted

for its apple orchards. On the property is the site of a Carmelite Priory, founded in 1241, and also the "Castle Toll," which, according to Camden, is the site of the Roman Fort of Anderida.

In conjunction with Messrs. Webb & Co., Sole Street House, near Faversham, with about 25 acres, including productive orchards, is to be sold next month.

Captain G. A. Cammell, D.S.O., has decided to dispose of Brookfield Manor estate, 1,735 acres, at Hathersage, Derbyshire, and he has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank & Rutley to offer it by auction, in conjunction with Messrs. Fowler, Sandford & Potter.

Major Ian Bullough, M.C., is selling Coombe Green, Kingston Hill, adjoining Coombe Hill Golf Links.

Five farms on the Dysart estate are to be offered for the Earl of Rosslyn, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The property is two miles from Kirkcaldy and of 1,117 acres.

TRERICE MANOR, NEWQUAY.

"SAYS Carew, writing of the Arundells of Trerice, 'precisely to rip up the whole pedigree were more tedious than behooveful,' and he knew what he was talking about, having taken a wife of that family."

Sir Arthur T. Quiller-Couch thus began his article on Trerice Manor in *COUNTRY LIFE* of August 5th, 1911, and straightway most "behoovefully" "ripped up" a page or two of fascinating details as to the family that for so long held the manor. The connection of the Arundells with Trerice is of remote antiquity.

John Arundell rebuilt Trerice in 1572-73, apparently on the site of an old mansion, as may be inferred from the portions of very solid masonry which have been found beneath the soil and hard by the present house. There is space here only to advise anyone who wishes for a delightful account of the ownership of a famous house to read the article in these columns already cited. In 1802 Trerice devolved on Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, the squire of Killerton, Devon, and his grandson, Sir Charles Thomas Dyke Acland, a distinguished and amiable public man, held it when the estate was described in these columns.

Trerice, to be offered by auction shortly by Messrs. Wilson and Co., stands well sheltered by trees in a curve of the Gannel Valley, on a site having no wide prospect but overlooking its own orchards. The house, of native elvan, beautifully coloured by time and weather, was built, like so many of its date, in the form of a capital E, as a compliment to Queen Elizabeth, the entrance porch abutting midway between the two wings, of which the north no longer survives. Some sixty years ago it had got into disrepair, and the owner intended to have it taken down and rebuilt stone by stone, but a tempest forestalled him, and brought down so much of it that rebuilding was impracticable. The granite finials and other ornamental work rescued from the wreck adorn the grounds.

An old window of 576 panes fills almost all the space between the porchway and the south wing. The surviving glories of the old house are its hall and its drawing-room. The hall, 36ft. by 22ft. and 24ft. high, has a noble fireplace surmounted by escutcheons and the date 1572, and the elaborately moulded ceiling bears, on the three central medallions, the initials "J.A.," "K.A." and "M.A.," of which two stand for John Arundell, who built the house, and his wife Katherine, and the third probably for Margaret Arundell, his eldest sister.

The drawing-room has a magnificent ceiling and mantelpiece of date 1573. Other noteworthy features of Trerice are the turret with spiral staircase, the once open but now walled-in ambulatory, the secret passage leading to the "priest's hiding," and a private dungeon.

Binfield Manor, Bracknell, also for sale by Messrs. Wilson and Co., who have appointed next Tuesday for the auction, is a well fitted old Georgian house, with delightful grounds, and in all 50 acres.

Holmwood Park, between Bournemouth and Wimborne, close to Ferndown Golf Links, is to be offered on May 6th by instructions of the executors of the late Mr. George Hampton. The modern house stands high

up in a park of about 50 acres. The home farm is lighted by electricity. The grounds contain a collection of rhododendrons. Messrs. Hampton and Sons are the agents, and they are to sell the furniture at an early date.

Lieutenant-Commander Tristram Fox, R.N., has sold Crow Hall, Denver, Norfolk, and 10 acres, for £2,500, through Messrs. Bidwell and Sons.

DINGLEY HALL: SIXTEENTH CENTURY WORK.

VISCOUNT DOWNE'S decision to dispose of Dingley Hall, announced in these columns on April 5th, brings into the market an estate which has been twice the subject of special illustrated articles in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. xiii, page 208, and Vol. xlix, pages 462 and 494). The agents entrusted with the realisation are Messrs. John D. Wood & Co., in conjunction with Messrs. Jackson Stops.

The Hall, on the Northamptonshire border, combines something of the later part of the fifteenth century, more of the mid-sixteenth, and most attributable to the later part of the seventeenth century. The work of the middle period is the most interesting. Upon the dissolution of the monasteries, the Dingley Manor of the Knights Hospitallers was granted to Edward Hastings, and the reversion was bought by Edward Griffin, who acquired almost the whole parish for a few hundreds of pounds, in the years 1543-57. He either built or enlarged a house, for his porch is dated 1558, and it is a very stately structure, illustrated in a whole page (463) in *COUNTRY LIFE* on April 16th, 1921.

Referring to the gateway flanked by two towers, Mr. J. A. Gotch, who wrote the article in 1921 in these pages, incidentally alludes to another property that was very recently mentioned in the *Estate Market*: "The towers had their origin in those which almost invariably flanked the entrance to castles and fortified houses for the purpose of defence, and which were pierced with narrow slits placed in positions most advantageous for discharging arrows against an attacking force. But by the time of Edward Griffin such precautions were no longer needed, and the towers, which originally were things of use, had become merely means of architectural adornment. Instead of the arrow slits there are windows, small, it is true, but no longer defensive features. In the old days there was usually a portcullis to protect the entrance, as well as thick gates; here there is no portcullis, but only the doors. But the thick doors and the small windows were not meaningless survivals of ancient ways; for even in Edward Griffin's period country houses were jealously guarded, and the time had not yet come when people were ready to write over their doors, as Sir Edward Phelps did at Montacute, some decades later:

"Through this wide opening gate

None come too early, none depart too late."

A member of the Griffin family was later created Baron Griffin, and when the title became extinct the devise sold the estate to an attorney named Peach, who left it, in 1770, to his stepson, Hungerford, whose family held Dingley for a century, and to them is attributable the commodious but architecturally uninteresting addition of a wing for the servants. Viscount Downe bought the estate from the last of the Hungerfords, in 1883.

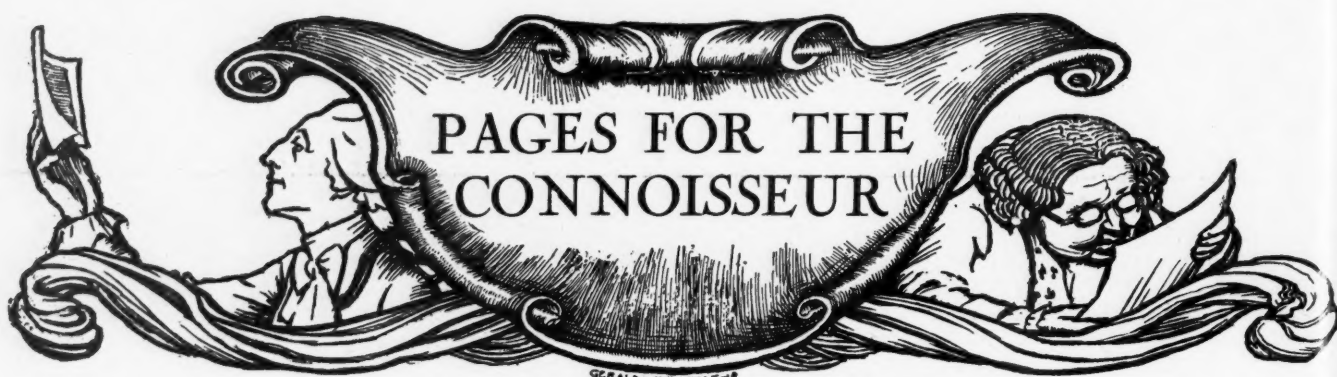
NEW FOREST AND WEALDEN.

CROW HILL, a charming freehold property situated on the western edge of the New Forest, will be offered by auction in May, by Messrs. Fox and Sons, in conjunction with Messrs. Chrimes and Champion, for Sir George Rivers Lowndes, K.C.S.I.

Messrs. Norfolk and Prior have purchased on behalf of a client, through Messrs. Harrods, Limited, North Down, Heathfield.

Godsfield Manor Farm, 260 acres, near Alresford, with the remains of the ancient Goddesfield Chapel, which was given by Henry de Blois, Bishop of Winchester, to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem in 1133, has been sold by Messrs. Harding and Harding, and the auction will, therefore, not take place.

Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock, with Messrs. Mann and Co., have sold Gorselands, Horsell Common, Woking, a modernised freehold of an acre. **ARBITER.**



CISTERNS AND WINE-COOLERS

YEARS ago a friend rescued for me a seventeenth century barber's basin in pewter which had long served as a dog-cistern in a Gloucestershire farmyard. Years after—four months ago—an equally kind destiny brought to my notice and possession a remarkable wine-cooler (also in pewter), which, according to the restorer, must likewise have spent an open air servitude as cistern. Each case a degradation, with the inevitable disfigurements of unfamiliar usage; but, I am happy to say, both objects rescued at last from indignity and exposure, their countenances restored, their lost identity happily re-established.

To mention their restoration should—in the interest of other vagabond pieces victimised by age or alien service—disclose also the name of the restorer, A. H. Isher of Cheltenham, an artist possessed of sentiment as well as knowledge and hands whose expert surgery ensures the rehabilitation of all ailing metal entrusted to his care.

The popular appellation "wine-cooler" reveals but one of the several parts played by this ubiquitous vessel. The term "cistern" contains them all. Primarily, the cistern was a "wine-cooler," the Gargantuan ancestor of the later ice-pail, the latter intended to hold a single bottle, the former to accommodate a merry number. It also did service as a receptacle for cheering beverages, its oval paunch often filled with appetising ale or mulled claret; on occasion with tepid water, in which plates, glasses, knives and forks were rinsed during the meal. What base uses may not be reserved for us all—human and inanimate! It was probably this docility on the part of the cistern that in time won for it a permanent place in every well appointed dining-room. Prior to the Late Stuart period cisterns were made of copper and brass; in the latter part of the seventeenth century they were raised to the dignity of silver-plate. A reaction—in the nature of a revolt—against Commonwealth austerities; against the waste of Parliamentary wars and the strangulation of trade; the "Merry Monarch" on his way back from Holland; Spanish silver in opportune abundance on its way to England; all combined to inaugurate a "silver age," which rang not only with retributive exuberance, but with an extravagant demand for silver to replace all and more than all the plate that had been sacrificed for political ends. Reaction overran reason, and it needed but hearsay evidence that France and Spain were indulging in silver bedsteads, baths and braziers to provoke sober England to commit excesses of a parallel nature. In the dressing-room of the Duchess of Portsmouth (the King's French mistress) "were great vases of wrought plate, tables, stands, chimney furniture, sconces, branches, brasses, etc., all of massy silver and out of number." Never before had there been such an unprecedented demand for the precious metal. So widespread and persistent was the cry, so inevitably did the demand outrun the supply, that before long the English silversmith, whose occupation for years had been melting down plate to mint coin, was obliged to melt down coin to provide metal for silver-plate. Foreign

silversmiths were lured or requisitioned across Channel; silver money became so scarce towards the end of the century, that statutes had to be enacted to safeguard what remained of it in circulation.

This was the age of monster pieces, the largest and heaviest being the wine-coolers and their companion wine-fountains. The latter, when filled, required four sturdy arms to carry them. Their great weight had obviously to do with a contemporary abundance of silver; but it would not be intemperate to believe that their great size represented, in a measure, the capacity for good cheer that followed the melancholy austerities of Commonwealth years. We are told that cisterns were used "for cooling wine in warm weather." If it be true that their employment was originally confined to the exigencies of summer temperature, their duties (and why not their size?) must have been considerably increased by the advent of champagne, which made its appearance in England when King Charles reappeared upon his throne. A sparkling coincidence.

The earliest known silver cistern is, I believe, one that was made for Charles II in 1660, and now preserved in the Tower of London. A beautiful example of the silversmith's art, it is a complete departure from the conventional bath-shaped cisterns which preceded it and came after. In construction it resembles a wine-fountain, with the difference that the central structure, instead of being a receptacle for holding wine, is a tall octagonal column enriched with figured niches, from which radiate two rows of deeply scalloped shells for the repose and refreshment of eight recumbent bottles. (How different the alert company in the bath-cistern, standing on tiptoe, waiting only the drawing of corks to shout with joy!)

The second largest bath-cistern (a degradation—the saponacious term!) is the one on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum, belonging originally to the Duke of Marlborough, now the property of Earl Spencer. An eighteenth century monster, nearly four feet in length, 3ft. in width, rising to a height of over seventeen inches. A sweeping oval, its pendulous diaphragm supported by four voluted feet; its cormorant interior blazoned with the Churchill coat-of-arms, expanded to pompous proportions, as if to summarise the bounty of ducal hospitality. That this gigantic piece occupies an entire glass case, and that the case with its ponderous occupant assumes a sort of "squatter's sovereignty" on the museum floor, will give the reader an idea of its massive size and weight. It is obvious that no object can be stretched to extravagant dimensions without losing elements of grace and the refinements of intimate detail, but this mammoth deserves to be seen if only to realise how the dignities of reticence and proportion can ennoble great pieces. The Greeks portrayed that in the classic simplicity of their buildings; "chisels governed by no heat of the brain." But if the size of the Marlborough cistern has invited comment, what would not be the fate of the Rutland wine-cooler, exceeding as it does the Churchill cistern by 4ins. in length, and weighing 2,000 oz.!

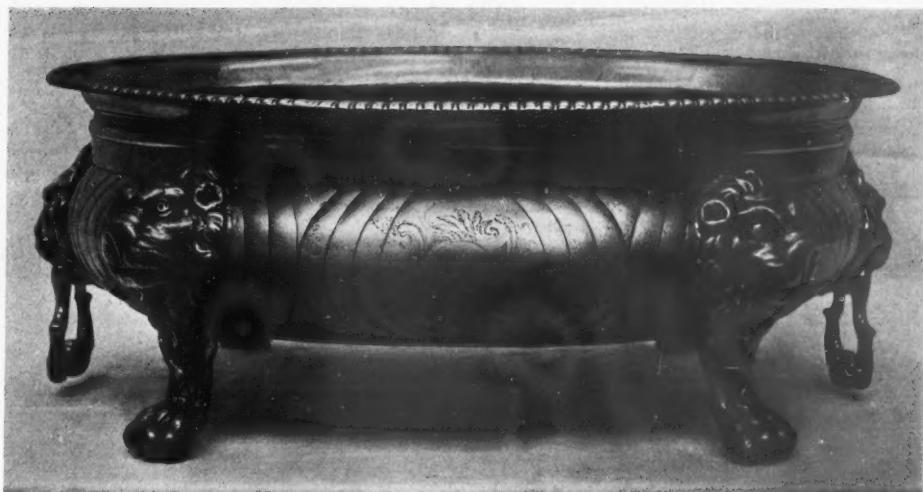


1.—PEWTER ICE-PAI.
The property of A. H. Isher, Esq.

Ocular acquaintance can alone decide that point. The hope, however, remains that the same simplicity of design has been maintained as in the Marlborough specimen, that between the two they may reduce to shame (and keep in exile) the colossus of them all, the "Kandler Cistern," preserved before the war at the Winter Palace, Petrograd. Made in 1734, it was soon after disposed of in a lottery conducted under the sanction of Parliament, and eventually became the property of the Empress of Russia. Its length stretches to 4ft. 7ins., its weight equals 8,000 oz.—four times the weight of the Rutland giant! Three years were needed for its completion, the material alone costing £2,000. What was the sum expended upon the work of three consecutive years is not known, but can be imagined. (This was a time when the financial importance of men was estimated by their acres and their silver-plate, the latter assuming in their subconscious minds the nature and value of bullion.)

Despite a certain excellence of execution and finish, the Kandler cistern remains a rococo enormity, an orgy of ornament in high relief: dolphins, grapes, goats, fauns writhing in unfamiliar contortion; dancing amorini under orders to enliven the hopeless congestion. In shape, like a stranded galleon, with uplifted poop-deck arms that should have been lowered in penitential apology. A quarter of its boasted length is appropriated by fantastic scrolls emitting human figures as handles; the depth of the cistern is shallowed by four abstainer leopards whose structural duty it is to lift the bottom of the vessel and so reduce its contents—eye and palate the victims of counterfeit presentment. How much vodka did this expatriated English piece accommodate is a matter for conjecture. One wonders if its fictitious capacity exceeded that of the soberer gold cistern used at the christening of the Prince of Wales (Edward VII) when its interior "holding thirty dozen of wine, was filled with mulled claret."

From extravagance to sobriety, deformity to elegance—how welcome the amendment! And how worthily portrayed in the piece of base metal that is the subject of this article (Figs. 2 and 3). In its interior, where on the Marlborough cistern is proudly displayed the Churchill coat-of-arms, is to be found the pewterer's humble escutcheon, hiding under layers of incrustation. Durand, the maker's name, Jonas Durand, Yeoman of the Pewterers Company in 1692; Warden in 1726.



2 AND 3.—PEWTER CISTERN, THE PROPERTY OF A. DE NAVARRO.
Showing front and end views.

The vessel measures 23½ ins. in length, 18½ in. in width, and weighs 488 oz. Its pedigree is wrapped in tantalising mystery—known, but stubbornly guarded. That it was dignified by aristocratic possession, the Maynard coat-of-arms proclaims the fact. That its distinguished design and execution is the work of a pewterer possessed of precious-metal taste and touch, warrants the presumption that it may be a copy of some piece of family plate sacrificed for reasons now purposely withheld; and, if so, fulfilling again its polished mission. Risen from the ranks, plebeian ware representing patrician ancestry. A noble piece; proud of its official lustre, of its recovered importance. Not so the debased lions. Their wild eyes and snarling nostrils resenting amputation and pantry indignities; on the level brows of their ringed comrades—sullen surrender; the sinuous tip of tail stealing round each paw—defiance *in extremis*.

Ave! Jonas Durandus!

ANTONIO DE NAVARRO.

PICTURES BY FANTIN-LATOURE AND OTHERS

PART OF THE SWAYTHLING HEIRLOOMS.

PICTURES and drawings, chiefly of the British schools, the properties of Mr. D. Stoner Crowther, Captain John Audley Harvey and others, will be disposed of by Messrs. Christie on May 2nd. Among the works belonging to the former are several examples of Birket or Foster, including "On the Thames at Greenwich," sunset, with boats and buildings on the left and a strong solar reflection on the river; and "The Pedlar," a gipsy woman selling crockery to village children at a cottage; Turner's "Lucerne from the Walls," a view over the town to the lake, the city wall with its towers on the right and figures in the foreground; "An April Day," by Leader, painted in 1887; Albert Moore's "A Reverie"; "Aggravation," by Britton Rivière, 1896; the wonderful "Orpheus," by J. M. Swan, 1896, showing leopards rolling on the ground like kittens; La Thangue's "Shaking Down the

Cider Apples"; a fine Wimpey, "A Passing Storm," on a common with a shepherd driving sheep; and "Washing Day," by Edward Stott—a woman hanging linen on a rope, a girl holding a basket, and a child regarding a crowd of white ducks in the foreground while more are coming from the water. Another wonderfully tender painting by Edward Stott, "Hagar and Ishmael" in the twilight in the wilderness, belongs to the Harvey collection, which also includes the "Hospital at Granada," by Sargent; Pettie's dramatic "Terms to the Besieged"; Orchardson's "Escaped"; "The Boddin," a powerful effect of a fortified building in twilight against a dark sea and sky; three bullocks and a threatening sky, entitled "In June," by Arnesby Brown; and Frank Brangyn's "Wine." In the anonymous properties are included a number of drawings by Brabazon; "The Opening of Waterloo Bridge by George IV," by Constable; "The Gambler's

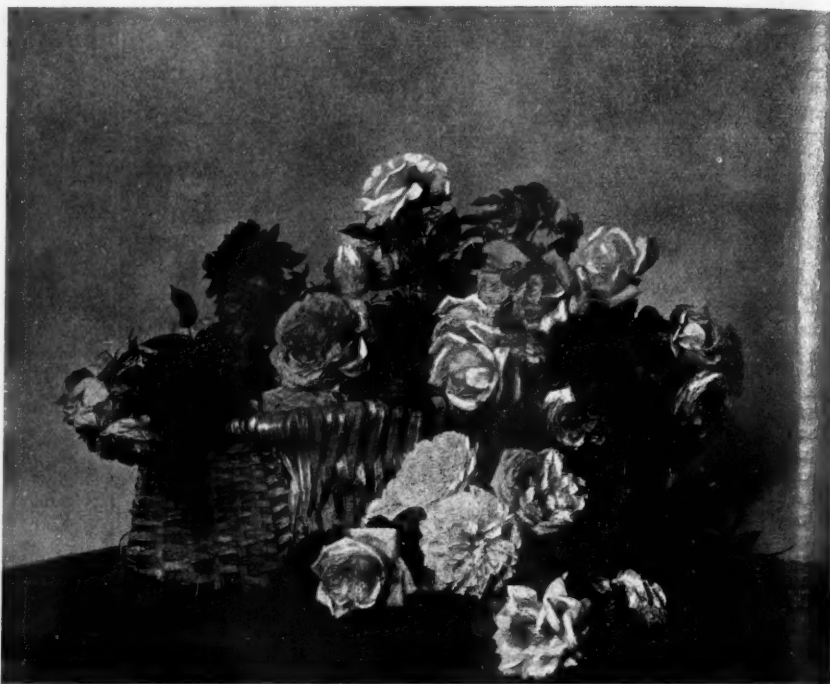
Wife," by Orchardson; and "The Bath of Venus," by Shannon.

Part of the Swaythling heirlooms, comprising objects of art and porcelain, will come up at Messrs. Christie's on May 8th. Very notable are an Urbino wine-cooler of trefoil shape, painted with the "Expulsion of Adam and Eve," ornament and figures, dated 1608; an English seventeenth century brass sconce, enamelled in blue and white, with one branch with hexagonal nozzle, and decorated with caryatides, flowers, foliage and scrolls; a cup and cover of cherrywood surmounted by a spice box, with the crests of Lisle, Herbert, Ferrers, Digby, Sidney and Knollys, and dated 1614, with inscriptions; an incense burner of brass, damascened with gold and silver and inscribed, being Saracenic work of 1293-1341; an *aquamanile* shaped like a horse, with a dragon on it as a handle, the tap terminating in a monster's head, with a dog as cock; a three-quarter suit

of armour for a child of six, reputedly made for Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I; rich Persian rugs, and a French walnut cabinet dated 1579. To the heirlooms have been added various properties, mostly anonymous, from which we cite a panel of English armorial tapestry bearing the date MDCCXX.

Messrs. Christie's sale of pictures on the following day is remarkable for the number of works by H. Fantin-Latour. The sale includes the properties of Mr. Leonard Gow, the late Ernest Ruffer, Mrs. R. A. Workman and others, and to the last named belongs the exquisite "Tannhauser," a composition of dancing and recumbent figures against a background of trees, water and sky, which Fantin-Latour painted in 1864 (Fig. 2). To the same owner belongs the artist's "La Table Garnie," pink and white hydrangeas in a glass vase, a dish of fruit, a plate of strawberries, with red currants and cherries on a white cloth; pink, yellow and white roses in a basket, with red and white ones in a tall glass; roses and nasturtiums; red, white, yellow and pink roses in a glass bowl; "Fleurs variées," roses and other flowers in a glass jug; and under the same title a bouquet of stocks, marigolds, phlox, snapdragon and other flowers. To the first property belongs the same artist's magnificent "Bourriche de Roses" (Fig. 1), a *tour de force* of skilful lighting, fine composition and of dexterous execution, but painted simply and with sincerity. To another property belong "Spring Flowers"; and to others, "White Roses in a Glass," and other examples of the art of Fantin-Latour.

The chief works in the Ernest Ruffer collection are of very great importance and may be summarised: the breezy "Ulverston Sands," with men on horse and on foot, by David Cox; "Lancaster," a morning effect, showing the castle on a hill, by the same; "Marshlands," with canal and cows by a hedge, by Willem Maris; Turner's "York," showing the Ouse, with the Minster in the distance; E. Boudin's "Le Port de Camaret," 1872; and "Antwerp," by the same; three remarkable Corots—"Mantes La Jolie," the banks of a river with two women by tall trees, a distant bridge, and town; "Le Soleil couchant," a woodland stream in which stands a cow, with a peasant woman by silver birches in sunset; and "Le Matin," a woman sitting by a stream, silver birches, grazing cows and a village; G. Courbet's "Cascade"; "L'Inondation," by C. F. Daubigny; "La Bucheronne," by N. Diaz, 1862; "The Campagna," a grassy sward with silver birch and beech trees, a river and distant hills; "At Needlework," a young peasant woman wearing a blue blouse, brown skirt and white muslin cap, sewing by a window, a characteristic work by Josef Israels, who painted "Grief," a woman standing by the bier of her husband, holding a Bible, while her young daughter is seated on the ground; "The Entrance to the Zuider Zee," with sailing boats in the waterway and a church and town on the distant bank, a showery effect by Jacob Maris, painted in 1873; "Feeding the Calves," by Willem Maris, showing a girl emptying a pail into a trough where two calves are feeding; J. F. Millet's "Le Coup de Vent," an old oak battling with the wind on high ground, a stream and boulders in the foreground, a man running



1.—"BOURRICHE DE ROSES." BY H. FANTIN-LATOURE, 1885.

to the village, all in the light of sunset; a landscape with a man riding a white horse by the side of a wood, with a winding river in the distance, by Th. Rousseau; and a portrait of Mme. de la Foix de Fréminville, by Nattier. A fine Corot, "Environs de Corbeil," shows a lonely road by the side of the river, with figures, a bridge and the village, and is the property of Mr. William Ross.

Old English mezzotints and colour prints, belonging to the late Mr. T. A. Roberts of Sandown Lodge, Isle of Wight, with modern engravings, and etchings, drawings, etc., will be disposed of by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson at their galleries, Leicester Square, on May 9th; while on May 15th, colour picture pot lids, the property of a gentleman, Le Blond colour prints and Licensees will come under their hammers.

On April 28th and the two following days, Messrs. Sotheby will sell books and a few manuscripts, the properties of Mr. James Guthrie Orchar's Art Gallery Trust (sold by order of the Trustees and with the leave of the Court); of the late Robert P. Brotherston, Esq., of Tynningham, Prestonkirk; of Howard D. H. Galton, Esq. (deceased); of Mrs. H. Nicholl, Bear Place, Twyford; of George Henderson, Esq., Fairholme, Gardenside, Uddingston; of the late W. C. West, Esq.; of Sir J. H. Baird, Bt., of Urie; of the late Mrs. Arthur Lewis (Miss Kate Terry); of

G. H. Gurney, Esq., Keswick Hall, Norwich, and of other owners.

These properties comprise a collection of extremely useful literature. We have here many first editions of modern authors of great popularity and a number of the fine works that issued from modern private presses; works on topography, travel and costume; fine books with coloured plates; books treating of the fine and applied arts; English literature of the nineteenth century; a number of Arundel prints and general literature. Of special importance are the Paris (Londra) edition of the Decameron, 1757, with portrait, five engraved titles, 110 plates and 97 culs-de-lampe by Choffard, Le Mire, and others, after Gravelot, Boucher, Eisen and Cochin, some of the plates paraphrased with the initials of the publisher, C. M.; Watts' "Prayers composed for the use and imitation of Children," first edition, 1728, and inscribed on the fly-leaf "donum Authoris. Tho. Hollis 1727"; the "Etched Work of Whistler" (Kennedy and Cortissoz), one of 402 copies on old Stratford paper, 1910; Stevenson's Works, Vailima Edition, 1922-23; the "Arabian Nights," with introduction, etc., by Sir R. F. Burton, and "Supplementary Nights," sixteen volumes. "Benares" 1885-88; "Hakluytus Posthumus or Pvrchas his Pilgrimes," 1625-26, a good copy with some minor defects; Dibdin's "Bibliomania; or Book Madness," one of eighteen copies printed on large paper, enlarged by over 250 portraits, views, etc., 1811, with the portrait of the author in clerical dress, by Freeman, after Musquerier, of which only twenty-five copies were taken before the plate was destroyed; the Heber copy of the extremely rare Thomas à Kempis "The Imitation of following of Christ. . . . Englished by E. H." (Edward Hake, first edition, 1567); Byron's "The Bride of Abydos," first edition, 1813, "The Giaour," seventh edition, 1813, two volumes in one, formerly in the possession of Samuel Rogers, with "From the author" in his hand on fly-leaf; and "Punch," July, 1841, to December, 1867, presented to Miss Kate Terry by the "Punch" staff and proprietary on the occasion of her wedding, and accompanied by an autograph letter signed by Mark Lemon and others.

Drawings and pictures of the English, Italian, French and Dutch schools will also be sold by Messrs. Sotheby on April 30th, being the properties of the late John Hinde, Esq., of Milton Regis, Sittingbourne, Kent, and others. English artists represented are Catermole, S. Cooper, F. Cotes, T. B. Hardy, W. Hoare, Sir E. Landseer, A. Moore, John Pettie, S. Prout, Sir L. Alma Tadema, and others, while the list of Continental artists is large.

It should be noted that the very charming eighteenth century picture on glass, reproduced as an illustration to J. de Serre's article, "Chinese Influence on Eighteenth Century Furniture," in our issue of April 12th, is the property of Messrs. Arthur Edwards of 59 and 61, Wigmore Street, W.1. D. VAN DE GOOTE.



2.—"TANNHAUSER." BY H. FANTIN-LATOURE, 1864.